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CHRISTIAN CHORALS:

A Hymn and Tune Book

FOR THE

CONGREGATION AND THE HOME.

[Hanson, John W.]

"LET THE PEOPLE PRAISE THEE."

CHICAGO:
J. W. HANSON,
1879.

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PREFACE.

The great defect in most Hymn and Tune Books is, that they contain many hymns and tunes that are rarely or never used, and they are, therefore, unnecessarily voluminous and expensive. This Hymnal aims to give only the hymns and tunes required for constant use. In one respect, at least, it surpasses any one we have ever met: it excludes many hymns and tunes found in most books, some of which, even in our own collections, are seldom and ought never to be, sung.

THE TUNES in the CHRISTIAN CHORALS are One Hundred in number, and are believed to be the very best for congregational singing ever written. Every tune is within reach of the ordinary voice. The tunes are perfectly fitted to the words, —"Music married to immortal verse." There is no scientific or merely sentimental music, but the tunes are classic, having the sanction of all churches. The tunes on opposite pages will usually fit the hymns on both pages, so that there are from four to six hymns to every tune.

THE HYMNS are about Three Hundred and Fifty in number, and are thought to be the best Three Hundred Hymns for an Universalist congregation that have ever been composed, and probably no pastor or congregation ever used a larger number out of any collection. The hymns have been selected by several pastors of great experience, and of the best taste, whose selections were carefully sifted by the compiler. In addition to this they have been compared with Phœbe Cary's "Hymns for All Christians," a copy of which the poet Whittier kindly examined for the compiler of this volume, and pointed out the hymns that his infallible judgment approved, all of which, with a very few exceptions, are in this volume. The reader may possibly miss a favorite or two, but he will scarcely wish the

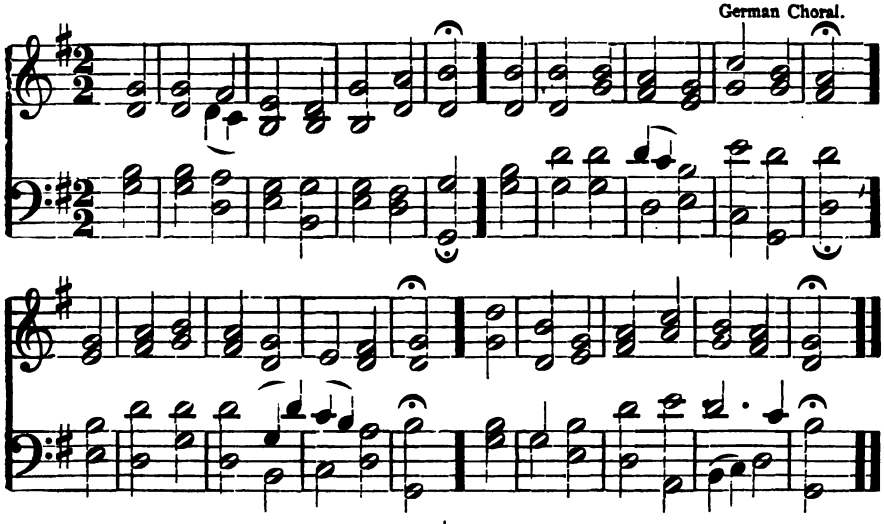
volume diminished by a single hymn. There is not a line that an Universalist cannot sing without mental reservation, and the hymns are, in no instance, poems, but always hymns. They cover every occasion, and will meet all the needs of any congregation. The CHORALS is adapted to Family Singing, and will be of great use in the Home. The purpose of the compiler has been to present a small, neat, cheap, comprehensive Hymnal, that shall be within the reach of all, and that shall meet the needs of those who worship God as an Universal Father; who regard Christ as an Universal Savior; who are looking forward to heaven as an Universal Home, and who are seeking by Christian worship to anticipate the joys of the life to come in the life that now is.

J. W. HANSON.

Chicago, 1879.

CHRISTIAN CHORALS.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

German Choral.

1. *Divine Praise.* TATE & BRADY.

BE thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there obeyed.

O God, my heart is fixed—'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

2. *Universal Praise.* WATTS.

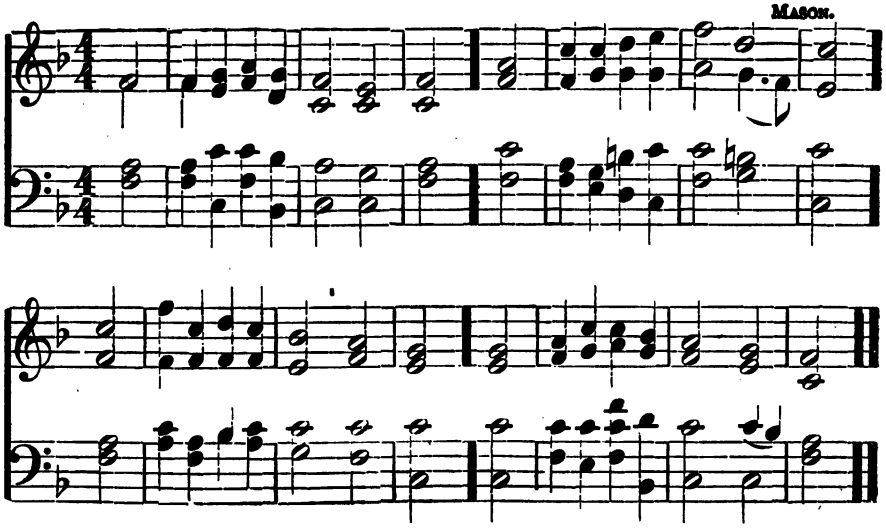
FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Creator's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praises sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3. *Doxology.*

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly throng;
Praise God the Father in your song.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

MASON.

4. *The Gospel's Triumph.* WATTS.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairest lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5. *Example of Christ.* WATTS.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern: may I bear
More of thy gracious image here!
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

6. *The Altar and the School.* LUNT.

WHEN driven by oppression's rod,
Our fathers fled beyond the sea,
Their care was first to honor God,
And next to leave their children free.

Above the forest's gloomy shade
The altar and the school appeared:
On that, the gifts of faith were laid;
In this their precious hopes were reared.

The altar and the school still stand,
The sacred pillars of our trust;
And freedom's sons shall fill the land
When we are sleeping in the dust.

Before thine altar, Lord, we bend,
With grateful song and fervent prayer;
For thou, who wast our fathers' friend,
Will make our offspring still thy care.

7. *Old and New.* WHITTIER.

OH, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Thro' present wrong, the eternal Right;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

For all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Thro' clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore:
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

8. *Entire Trust.* MRS. WILLARD.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.

I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death!

In ocean caves is safe with thee,
The germ of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

9. *Progress of Truth.* BOWRING.

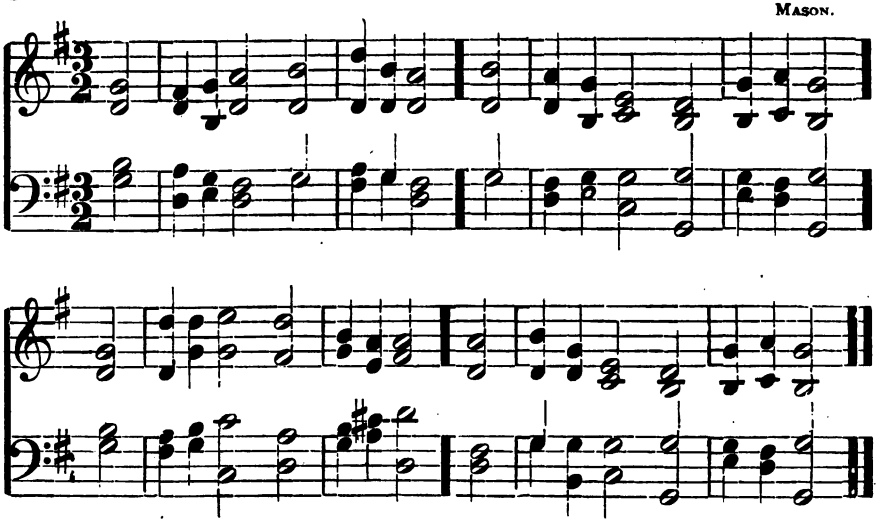
UPON the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the gospel light
Adds to its influence more and more.

More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world:—

Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its flood of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

MASON.

10. *Of such is the Kingdom.* EPIS. COLL.

As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
  But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
  Thus swiftly fled its life away.

It died ere its expanding soul
  Had ever burned with wrong desires,
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
  Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

It died to sin; it died to cares;
  But for a moment felt the rod,
O mourner, such the Lord declares,—
  Such are the children of our God.

11. *Strong Son of God.* TENNYSON.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
  Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
  By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove!

Thou seemest human and divine,
  The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
  Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

12. *Prayer for Pity.* ANON.

O GOD, our Father and our King,
Of all we have or hope the spring,
Send down thy spirit from above,
And warm our hearts with holy love.

With pity let our hearts o'erflow,
When we behold another's woe;
And bear a sympathizing part
With all who are of heavy heart.

Let love in all our conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine;
And thus may we thy children prove,
The objects of thy boundless love.

13. *Jesus Preaching the Gospel.* BOWRING.

How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
As list'ning thousands gathered round,
And joy and rev'rence filled the place.

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come wand'rers to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones and rest!"
Yes! sacred teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

14. *Influence of Christian Woman.* BACON.

"WHERE'ER my Gospel is proclaimed
Through the long ages yet to be,
There shall this deed of love be named
Which she this hour hath done for me."

Lord, while our eyes on Mary rest,
And see the precious perfume poured,
With thrilling power our tho'ts invest
The sacred record of thy word.

We bring to God in thy dear name,
The tribute of our grateful praise,
For many a deed, unknown to fame,
Where woman her true homage pays.

Oh, not a work is wrought in vain
Where love like Mary's fills the heart;
Memorials of that love remain,
A sacred influence to impart.

15. *Hymn of Trust.* HOLMES.

O LOVE Divine that stoops to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrows crowd each ling'ring year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whisp'ring, thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is turned to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, thou art near!

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near.

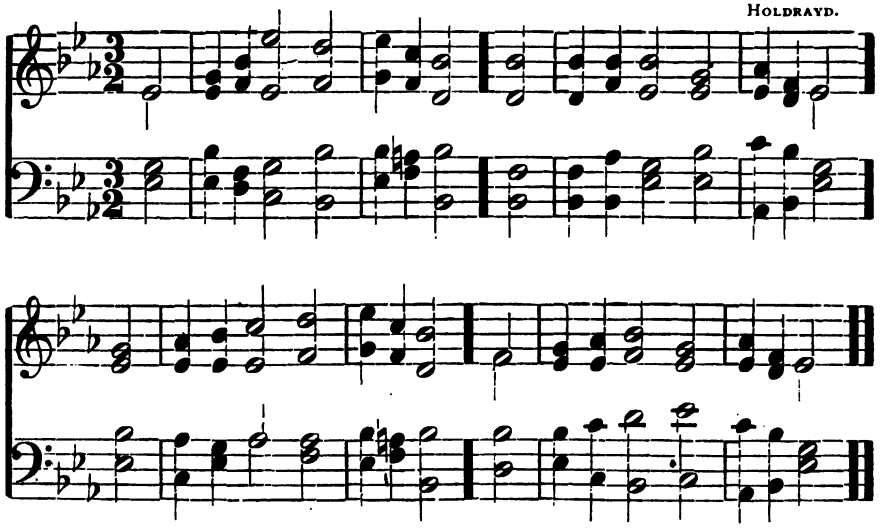
16. *The Acceptable Fast.* BALLOU.

THIS is the fast the Lord doth choose:
Each heavy burden to undo,
The bands of wickedness to loose,
And bid the captive freely go.

Let every vile and sinful yoke
Of servile bondage and of fear,
By mercy, love and truth be broke;
And from each eye wipe every tear.

Yes, to the hungry deal thy bread;
Bring to thy house the outcast poor,
There let the fainting soul be fed,
Nor spurn the needy from thy door.

And when thou seest the naked, spare
The raiment that his wants demand;
Since all mankind thy kindred are,
To all thy charity expand.

HOLDRAYD.

17. *God with Us.* FROTHINGHAM.

O GOD, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,—
Our spirit's light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding influence more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side;
Send in its calm upon the breast:
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

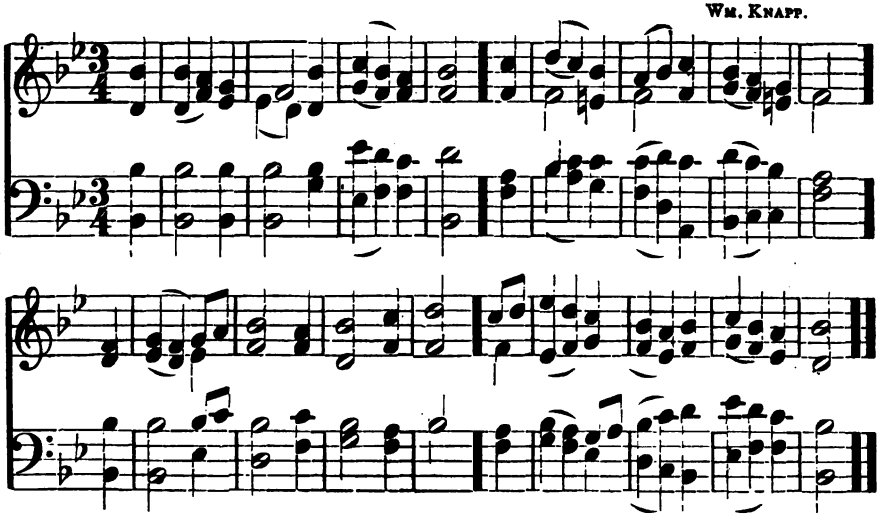
18. *Universal Worship.* PIERPONT.

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

Not now on Zion's height alone,
Thy favored worshiper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heav'n, and find acceptance there.

O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung!
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

WM. KNAPP.

19. *The Mourner Blest.* BRYANT.

OH, DEEM not they are blessed alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain,
Are promises of happier years.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

20. *Not lost, but gone before.* ANON.

SAY, why should friendship grieve for those
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost—but gone before.

How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits numbered o'er!
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth;
They are not lost—but gone before.

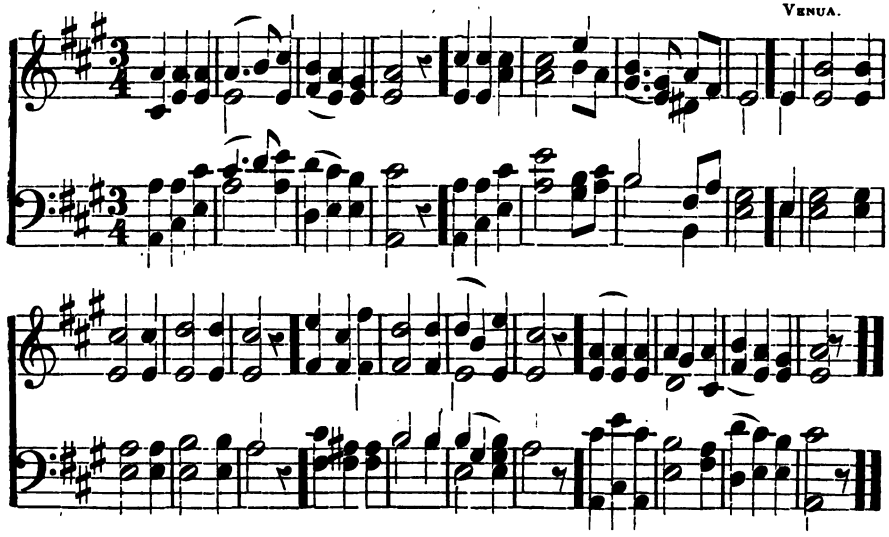
Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains which angels pour;
O why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost—but gone before.

21. *Christian Fellowship.* BARBAULD.

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heav'nly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When droops at length frail nature's fire;
For they shall meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

PARK STREET. L. M.

VENUA.

22. *God in Christ.* MASON.

As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with its softer rays
||:When shining with reflected light;:||

So in thy Son thy power divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love,
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
||:Reflected from thy throne above.:||

OThou, at whose almighty word
Fair light at first from darkness shone!
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
||:And trace the Father in the Son.:||

While we thine image there displayed
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeness to our Head,
||:That we may bear thine image, too.:||

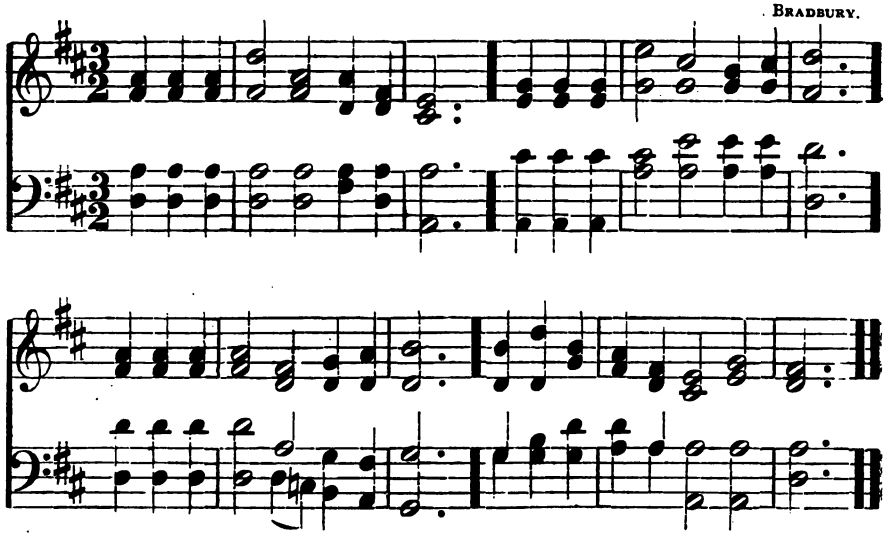
23. *God Unsearchable.* KIPPIS.

GREAT God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our laboring powers with reverence own
||:Thy glories never can be known.:||

Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
||:Or fully trace thy boundless mind.:||

Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
All that we mortals need to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
||:Through all thy works and conduct shine.:||

Oh, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace,
'Adore thy sacred name, and still
||:Press on to know and do thy will.:||

BRADBURY.

24. *Death of the Good.* BARBAULD.

How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks the weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast.

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!

25. *Death Welcomed.* WATTS.

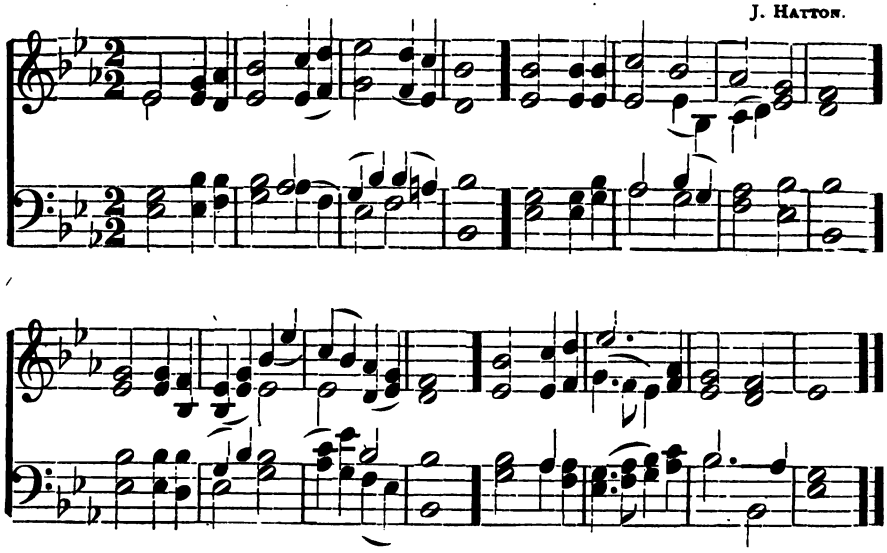
WHY should we start and fear to die!
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there!

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

26. *Bearing the Cross.* GASKELL.

NOT in this simple rite alone
May Calvary's cross to us be shown,
But may we turn, in many an hour,
To feel its soul-constraining power.

When indolence would have its will,
And selfish ease would keep us still,
Then to the Savior may we look,
And meet his eye's serene rebuke.

When men have done us cruel wrong,
And angry thoughts are rising strong,
May we with softened hearts turn there,
And learn the Lord's forgiving prayer.

When pain, or sickness, or distress,
Our fainting souls would overpress,
To him on Calvary looking still,
May we find strength to bear God's will.

27. *The Way.* ALICE CARY.

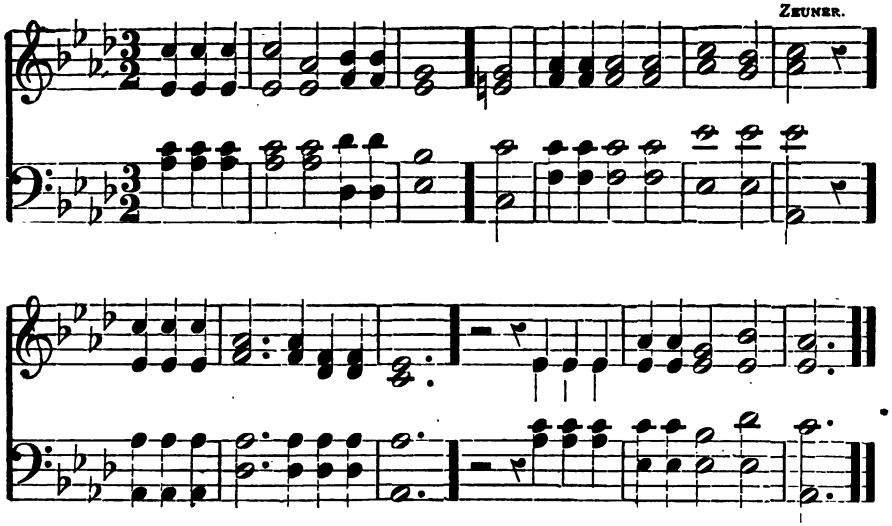
I CANNOT plainly see the way,
So dark my path is; but I know
If I do truly work and pray,
Some good will brighten out of woe.

I said I could not see the way,
And yet what need is there to see,
More than to do what good I may,
And trust the great God over me?

28. *Under His Wings.* ANON.

FATHER, beneath thy sheltering wing,
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring;
In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good, whose tidal flow
The motions of thy will obeys;
And death is good, that makes us know
The life divine which all things sways.

ZEUNER.

29. *Breathings of Grace.* MOORE.

LIKE morning—when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light—

Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit dark and lost before;
And, freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there.

Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
Then angels stooped to hear the song.

So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord;
Till, waked by thee, its breath shall rise,
In music worthy of the skies.

30. *Parting here, the Greeting there.* WHITTIER.

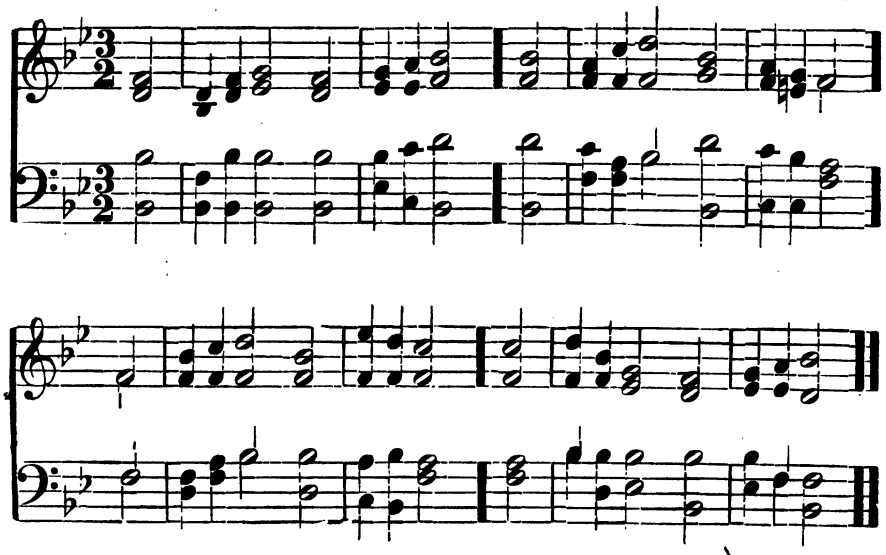
GOD giveth quietness at last!
The common way once more is passed
From pleading tears and ling'rings fond
To fuller life and love beyond.

Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
Dear ones familiar with the place!
While to the gentle greetings there
We answer here with murmured prayer.

What to shut eyes hath God revealed?
What hear the ears that death has sealed?
What undreamed beauty, passing show,
Requites the loss of all we know?

O silent land to which we move!
Enough, if there alone be love,
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow!

HEBRON. L. M.

MASON.

31. *An Evening Prayer.* WATTS.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep:
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

Faith in his name forbids my fear;
Oh, may thy presence ne'er depart;
And in the morning make me hear
Thy love and kindness in my heart.

32. *Evening Worship.* BOWRING.

How shall we praise thee, Lord of light?
How all thy boundless love declare?
The earth is veiled in shades of night,
But heaven is open to our prayer.

We would adore thee, God sublime,
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
Are greater than the round of time,
And wider than the bounds of space.

For thou art present with us here,
As in thy glittering, high domain,
And grateful hearts and humble fear
Can never seek thy face in vain.

Help us to praise thee, Lord of light;
Help us thy boundless love declare;
And, while we crowd thy courts to-night,
Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

33. *Walking by Faith.* NEWTON.

A GLANCE from heav'n, with sweet effect,
Sometimes my pensive spirit cheers:
But ere I can my thoughts collect,
As suddenly it disappears.

So lightning in the gloom of night
Affords a momentary day;
Disclosing objects full in sight,
Which, soon as seen, are snatched away.

The lightning's flash did not create
The opening prospect it revealed;
But only showed the real state
Of what the darkness had concealed.

Just so, we by a glimpse discern
The glorious things within the veil;
That, when in darkness, we may learn
To live by faith, till light prevail.

34. *The Promises Sure.* WATTS.

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him who earth's foundations laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway all the world as he doth please.

Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
Reveals his kindest promises.

Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith?
To hear the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own?

Then, should the earth's firm pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

35. *Convention Hymn.* ANON.

ASSEMBLED here, a brother band,
Before thy face, O Lord, we stand:
The voice that marshaled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.

We meet, thro' distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Our counsels aid—to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

We meet to feel the kindling glow
Of heaven in love on earth below;
Oh, touch our lips with holy fire,
And all our thoughts with grace inspire.

We meet, O Lord! but we must part!
Oh, may each waiting brother's heart,
Behold that world, all parting o'er,
Where we shall meet to part no more.

36. *Mutual Kindness.* BRYANT.

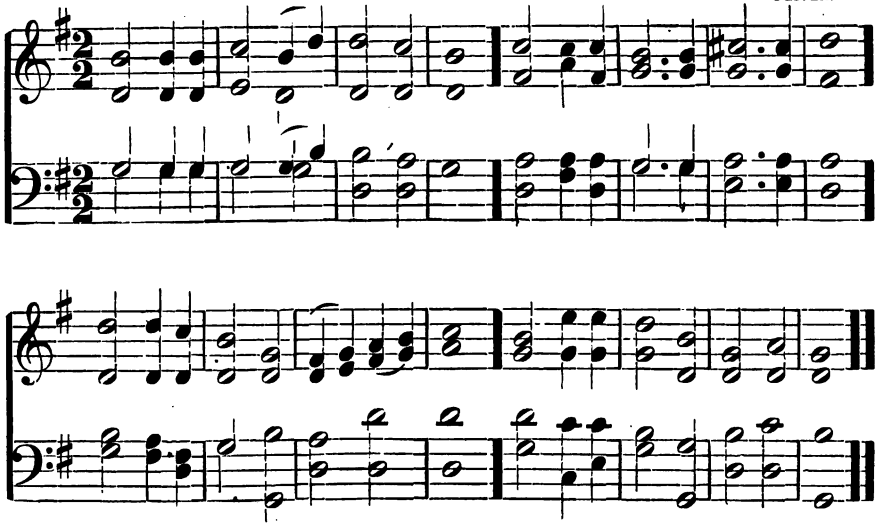
DEAR ties of mutual succor bind
The children of our feeble race;
And, if our brethren were not kind,
This earth were but a weary place.

We lean on others as we walk
Life's twilight path with pitfalls strewn,
And 'twere an idle boast to talk
Of treading that dim path alone.

Amid the snares misfortune lays,
Unseen, beneath the steps of all,
Blest is the love that seeks to raise
And stay and strengthen those who fall

Till, taught by Him who, for our sake,
Bore every form of life's distress,
With every passing year we make
The sum of human sorrow less.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

OLIVER.

37. *Peace after Conflict.* COWPER.

WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Creator! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Oh! let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn,—
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskillful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my God! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.

38. *God's Service Delightful.* WATTS.

GREAT God! attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way;
All needful grace he will bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too.

O God! our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
Thy willing servants may we be,
For blest are they who trust in thee.

39. *Charity Implored.* MOORE.

SUPREME and universal Light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
From thee above to all below:

Assist us, Lord, to act, to be
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came!

May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
And with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

O Father, grace and virtue grant!
No more we wish, no more we want;
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below—is bliss above.

40. *The Good Life the Long Life.* TAYLOR.

LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass;
And, while we gaze, their forms are gone.

"He lived, he died;" behold the sum,
The abstract of th' historian's page?
Alike in God's all-seeing eye
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie!
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly,

To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:
And may we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

41. *Hymn of Night.* HARRIS.

THE stars, like sparks of burning sand,
Falling with measur'd sound sublime,
From the great hour-glass in God's hand,
Measure the flying years of time.

We watch them from our earthly ball;
We hear their faint, mysterious hymn;
From east to west we see them fall
Beyond the blue horizon's rim.

O burning hour-glass of the skies!
O sparks from glory's central sun!
Our spirits, while ye fall, arise,
In Love's eternal path to run.

From God ye roll in measured flight;
Your glory fails beneath his feet;
To God we tend, from light to light,
And all who love in him shall meet.

42. *True Independence.* WOTTON.

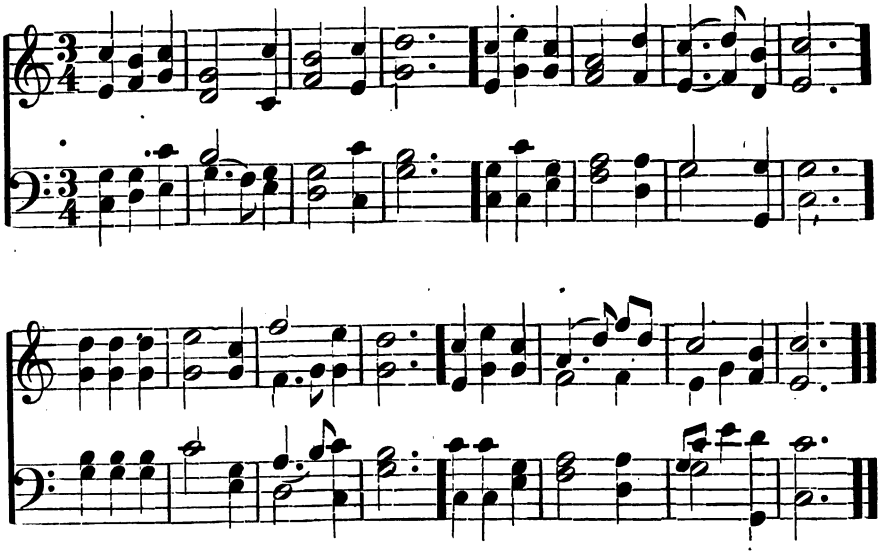
How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will!
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill.

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend,
And walks with man from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

MENDON. L. M.

MENDON.

43. *The Fruits of Religion.* WATTS.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess:
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior, God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride,
While justice, temperance, truth and
Our inward piety approve. [love,

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

44. *Christ's Kingdom.* WATTS.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Peoples and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again
And earth repeat the glad Amen.

45. *Humanity Hopeful.* ANON.

THE past is dark with sin and shame,
The future dim with clouds and fear;
But, Father, yet we praise thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near!

For man has striven ages long
With faltering steps to come to thee,
And in each purpose high and strong
The influence of thy grace could see.

But never rose within his breast,
A trust so calm and deep as now;
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father! Preserver! answer thou!

'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,
But thro' the shadow streams the sun;
We cannot doubt thy certain love,
And man's great aim shall yet be won!

46. *God's Sustaining Presence.* BOWRING.

FATHER and friend, thy light, thy love
Beaming thro' all thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.

Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be;
But this we know, that where thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with thee.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,
Since thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

47. *The Universal Fold.* WILDE.

WHILST far and wide thy scatter'd sheep,
Great Shepherd, in the desert stray,
Thy love, by some, is thought to sleep,
Unmindful of the wanderer's way.

But truth declares they shall be found,
Wherever now they darkling roam:
Thy voice shall thro' the desert sound,
And summon every wanderer home.

Upon the darkened paths of sin,
Instead of terror's sword of flame,
Shall love descend, for love can win
Far more than terror can reclaim.

And they shall turn their wand'ring feet,
By grace redeemed, by love controlled,
Till all at last in Eden meet,
One happy, universal fold.

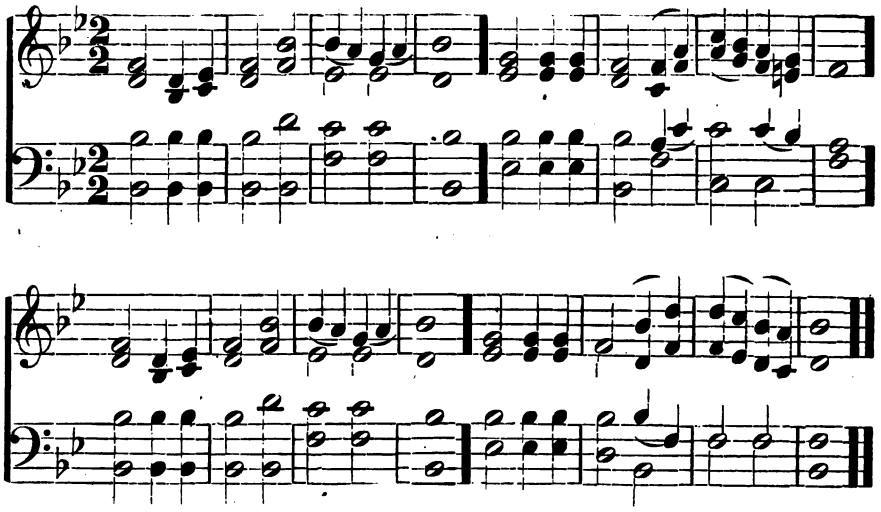
48. *Providence Mysterious.* ANON.

THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And every dark or bending line
Meets in the center of thy love.

With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thine arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

They neither know nor trace the way;
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

My favored soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

MASON.

49. *The Soul Returning to God.* MONTGOMERY.

RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and madd'ning cares,
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, toils and snares.

Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wand'rings of thy tho't;
From sickness unto death made whole;
Safe thro' a thousand perils brought.

Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife;
Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn,
Lay hold upon eternal life.

God is thy rest;—with heart inclined
To keep his word, that word believe;
Christ is thy rest;—with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive.

50. *Thy Will be Done.* ANON.

THY will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love:
Tho' clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears;
And tho' the hopes of earth be gone,
Yet are not ours th' immortal years?

Father, forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time,
And bid the soul on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night remove.

51. *The Living not among the Dead.* BURLEIGH.

AH! why should bitter tears be shed
In sorrow o'er the mounded sod,
When verily there are no dead
Of all the children of our God?

They who are lost to outward sense
Have but flung off their robes of clay,
And, clothed in heavenly radiance,
Attend us on our lowly way.

While sorrow's tears our eyes have wet,
Shed o'er the consecrated dust,
Too much our darkened souls forget
The lessons of enduring trust.

Let living faith serenely pour
Her sunlight on our pathway dim,
And death can have no terrors more,
But holy joy shall walk with him.

52. *Good the Final Goal.* TENNYSON.

O YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

53. *The Future World.* ANNE STEELE.

THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.

There shall the servants of the Lord,
With never-fading lustre shine;
Surprising honor, vast reward,
Conferred on man by love divine!

The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light,
But these shall know nor change nor shade,
Forever fair, forever bright.

On wings of faith and strong desire,
Oh, may our spirits daily rise,
And reach at last the shining choir
In the bright mansions of the skies!

54. *The Gate of Heaven.* CHAPIN.

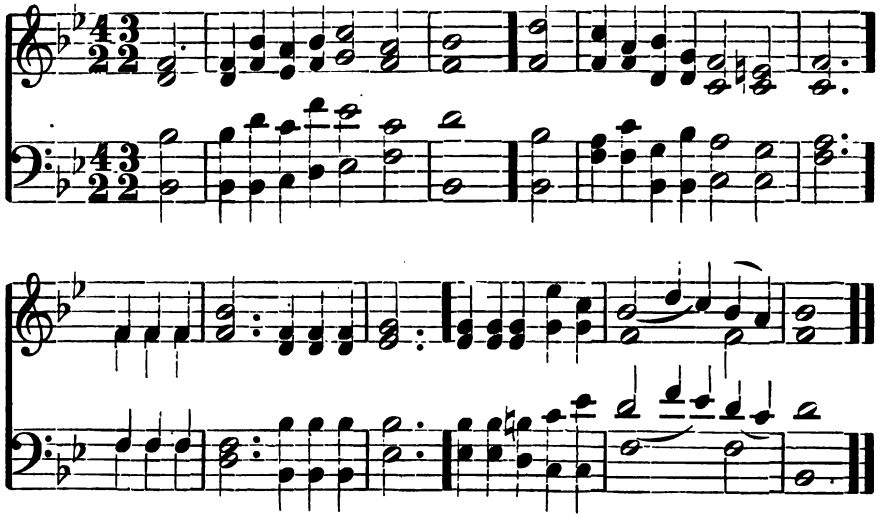
OUR Father—God, not face to face
May mortal sense commune with thee,
Nor lift the curtains of that place
Where dwells thy secret majesty.

Yet whereso'er our spirits bend
In reverent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And we shall find thy spirit there.

Lord, be the spot where now we meet,
An open gateway into heaven;
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
And feel our deepest sins forgiven.

Here may desponding care look up,
And sorrow lay its burden down;
Or learn of him to drink the cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown.

AMES. L. M.

NEUKOMM. Arr. by MASON.

55. *We Walk by Faith.* WATTS.

'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide and faith our light.

The want of sight she well supplies:
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Tho' lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

So Abraham, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God,
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

56. *Life an Ascent.* LONGFELLOW.

We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore,
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the unreturning past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain.

57. *Trust and Submission.* NORTON.

My God, I thank thee! may no tho't
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright and man is gay:
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know:
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

58. *Gospel Invitations.* WATTS.

"COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinner, come!
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

"They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

"Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand
To mould and guide us at thy will.

59. *Faith in God's Love.* GASKELL.

O FATHER, humbly we repose
Our souls on thee, who dwell'st above,
And bless thee for the peace which flows
From faith in thine encircling love.

Though every earthly trust may break,
Infinite might belongs to thee;
Though every earthly friend forsake,
Unchangeable thou still wilt be.

Tho' clouds may gather darkly round,
They cannot veil us from thy sight;
Though vain all human aid be found,
Thou every grief canst turn to light.

All things thy wise designs fulfill,
In earth beneath and heaven above;
And good breaks out from every ill,
Thro' faith in thine encircling love.

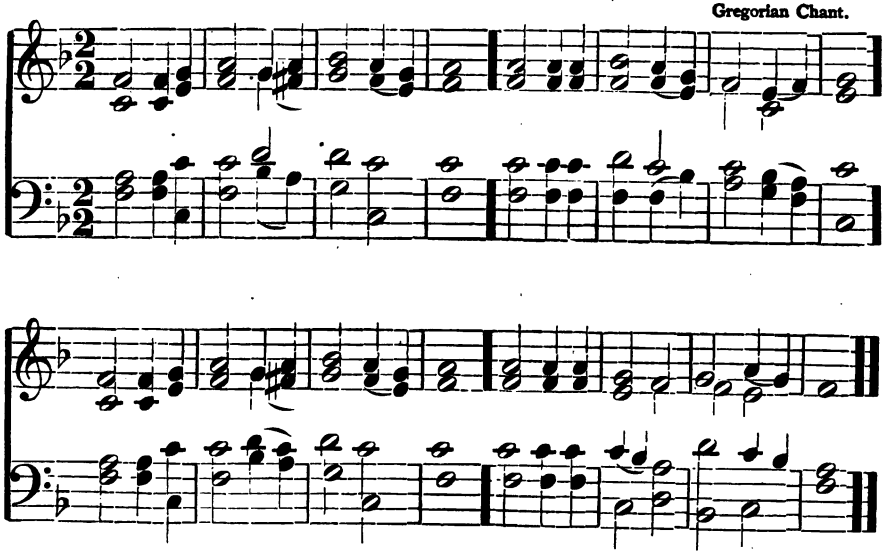
60. *Thy Will be Done.* DODDRIDGE.

THY will be done! In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run,
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
"Our Father, may thy will be done."

Thy will be done! If o'er us shine
A glad'ning and a prosperous sun,
This prayer will make it more divine:
"Our Father, may thy will be done."

Thy will be done! Tho' shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, all prayers in one
Our souls before thy throne shall pour:
"Our Father, let thy will be done."

Thy will be done! The living way
To thine own kingdom is begun,
Continued, ended, when we pray,
"Our Father, let thy will be done."

Gregorian Chant.

61. *Doxology.*

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Fill our cold hearts with gratitude;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

62. *The Gospel like Rain.* RIPPON'S COLL.

As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind;
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

63. *Death of Children.* HARRIS.

WITH roses crown his baby head;
Close with a kiss his tender eyes;
Strew lilies o er his cradle bed,
For he shall wake in Paradise.

O mother! look with inward eyes;
Dear heart! at once bereaved and blest.
Behold the infant cherub rise;
He smiles upon an angel's breast.

Rejoice amid thy sorrow's tears;
Rejoice, for unto thee 'twas given
To swell the music of the spheres,
To bear an angel-babe for heaven.

64. *Mercy and not Sacrifice.* WHITTIER.

O THOU, at whose rebuke the grave
Back to warm life the sleeper gave,
Who, waking, saw with joy, above,
A brother's face of tenderest love;—

Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,
The sorrowing and the sin-sick came;
The burden of thy holy faith,
Was love and life, not hate and death.

Oh, touch the hearts of men, and show
The power which in forbearance lies;
And let them learn that mercy now
Is better than old sacrifice.

65. *Love to God and our Neighbor.* WATTS.

THUS saith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God,
With sacred fervor and delight.

"Then shall thy neighbor next in place
Share thine affections and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Define and rule thy love to him.

66. *By their Fruits ye shall Know Them.* WATTS.

WHEN Jesus, our great Master came
To teach us in his Father's name,
In every act, in every thought,
He lived the precepts which he taught.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and conduct shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior, God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

67. *Reclaiming Power of Love.* MRS. LIVERMORE.

JESUS, what precept is like thine,
"Forgive, as ye would be forgiven!"
If heeded, Oh, what power divine
Would then transform our earth to heaven.

Not by the harsh or scornful word,
Should we our brother seek to gain;
Not by the prison or the sword,
The shackle, or the clanking chain.

But from our spirits there must flow
A love that will his wrong outweigh;
Our lips must only blessings know,
And wrath and sin shall die away.

'Twas heaven that formed the holy plan
To win the wanderer back by love;
Thus let us win our brother, man,
And imitate thee, God above!

68. *Christ's Universal Reign.* BALLOU.

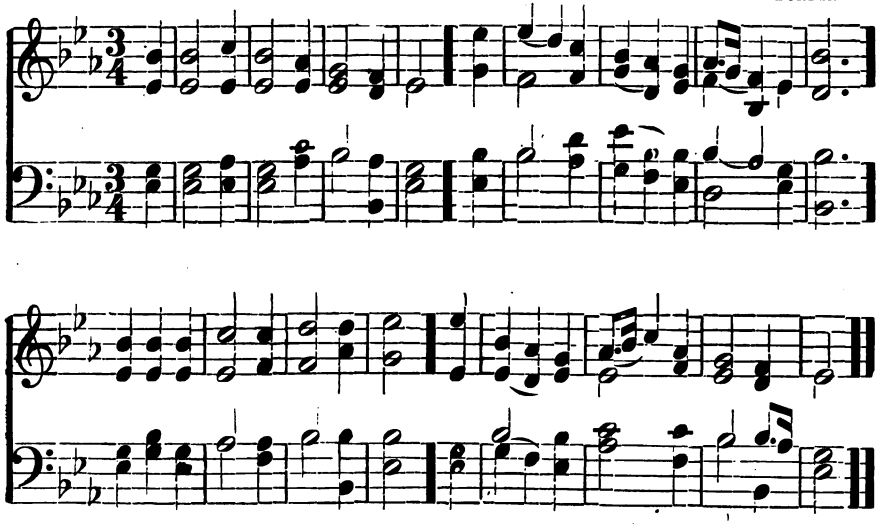
WHEN God descends with men to dwell
And all creation makes anew,
What tongue can half the wonders tell?
What eye the dazzling glories view?

Celestial streams shall gently flow;
The wilderness shall joyful be;
Lilies on parchéd ground shall grow;
And gladness spring on every tree.

The weak be strong, the fearful bold,
The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,
The lame shall walk, the blind behold,
And joy thro' all the earth shall ring.

Monarchs and slaves shall meet in love,
Old pride shall die, and meekness reign,—
When God descends from worlds above,
To dwell with men on earth again.

LUTON. L. M.

BURDER.

69. *At an Annual Convention.* BALLOU.

DEAR Lord, behold thy servants here,
From various parts, together meet,
To tell their labors through the year,
And lay the harvest at thy feet.

In thy wide fields and vineyards, Lord,
We've toiled and fought with watchful care;
Thy wheat hath flourished by thy word,
Thy love consumed the choking tare.

Lord, bless us while we here remain;
With holy love our bosoms fill;
Oh, may thy doctrine drop like rain,
And like the silent dew distil.

While we attend thy churches' care,
Oh, grant us wisdom from above;
With prudent tho't and humble prayer,
May we fulfill the works of love.

70. *The Omnipresent Peace of God.*
Mme. GUYON.

O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Lord, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent!

All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To them remains nor place nor time;
Their country is in every clime;
They can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

71. *Laying a Corner-Stone.* MONTGOMERY.

THIS stone to thee in faith we lay,—
We build the temple, Lord, to thee,
Thine eye be open night and day,
To keep this house from error free.

Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou, in heav'n, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

Thy glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

72. *For a Christian Festival.* ADAMS.

THOU God of years and seasons all,
Of light, and peace, and love and power;
Once more on thy great name we call,
In this our holy festal hour.

We praise thee for thy presence here,
For prayer, and speech, and cheerful song;
For guardian care, that year by year
Attends us all life's ways along:

For what we hope, and what we see
Of human progress in our time;
But gleams of freedom tho' they be,
Yet dawning, of its day sublime!

And since again apart we move
In life's great work, to us be given
The faith that toils in Christian love,
And blesses man with truth's own heaven.

73. *Divine Service in Everything.* KEBLE.

SWEET is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all t' espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

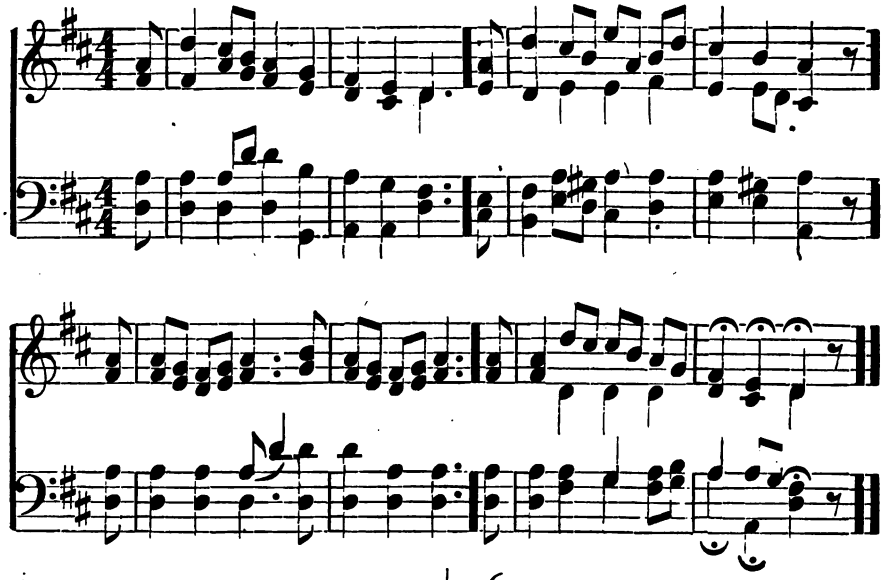
The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

74. *I Go unto my Father.* DYER.

JUST as I am—without one plea
But that thy love is seeking me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O loving God! to thee I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose love can cleanse each spot,
O loving God! to thee I come.

Just as I am—tho' tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and wars without,
O loving God! to thee I come.

Just as I am—thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down!
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O loving God! to thee I come.

75. *Sunday School Teacher's Hymn.* ANON.

WHILE yet the youthful spirit bears
The image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty wears,
So soon to be destroyed by sin,

Then is the time for faith and love
To take in charge their precious care,
Teach the young eye to look above,
Teach the young knee to bend in prayer.

The world will come with care and crime,
And tempt too many a heart astray;
Still, the seed sown in early time
Will not be wholly cast away.

The infant prayer, the infant hymn,
Within the darkened soul will rise,
When age's weary eye is dim,
And the grave's shadow round us lies.

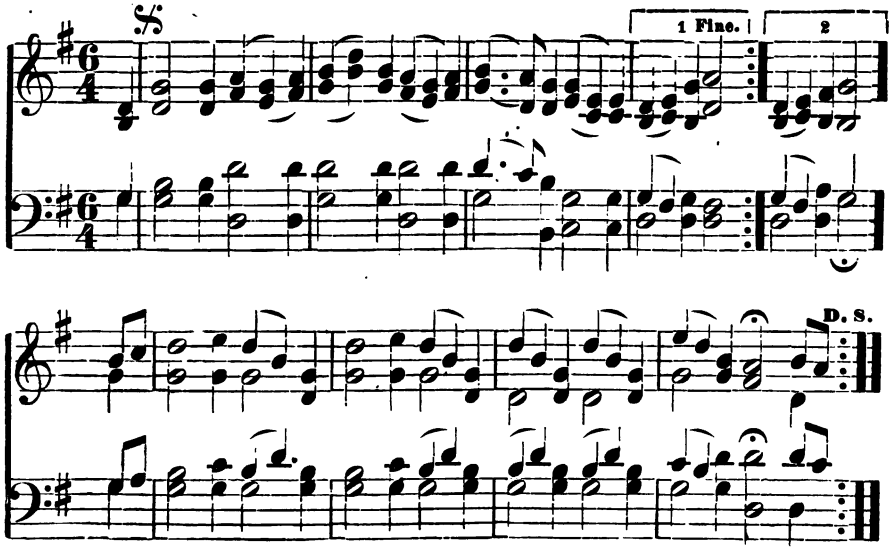
76. *Dedication Hymn.* WILLIS.

THE perfect world by Adam trod,
Was the first temple—built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

He hung its starry roof on high,—
The broad, illimitable sky; [bright,
He spread its pavement, green and
And curtained it with morning light.

The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky—and "all was good;"
And when its first pure praises rang,
The "morning stars together sang."

Lord! 'tis not ours to make the sea
And earth and sky a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
A humbler temple, "made with hands."

Scottish.

77. *The Star of Bethlehem.* WHITE.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the stormy seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark;
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

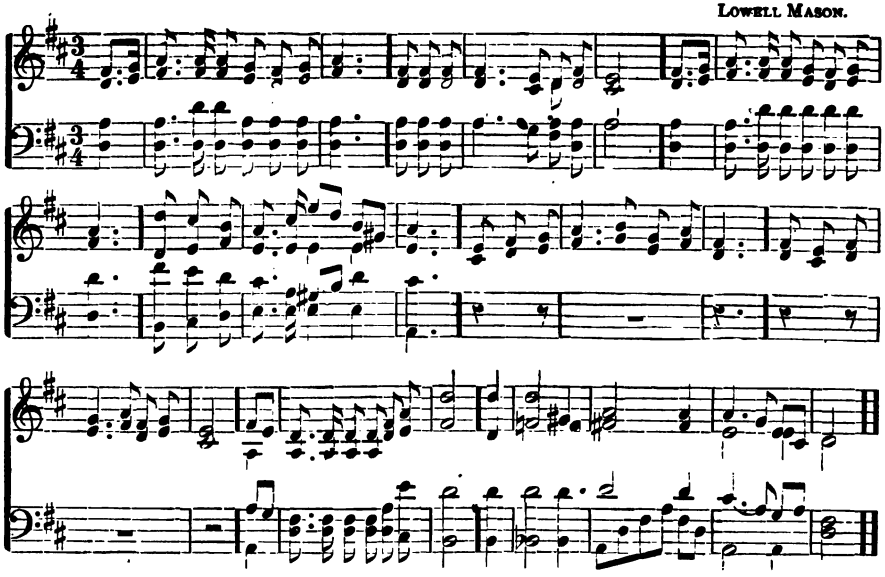
It was my Guide, my Light, my All:
It made my dark forebodings cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing beneath night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

78. *The Stone Rolled Away.* S. F. ADAMS.

THE mourners came at break of day
Unto the garden sepulcher,
With darkened hearts to weep and pray
For him, the loved One, buried there.
||: What radiant light dispels the gloom?
An angel sits beside the tomb.:||

Then mourn we not beloved dead,
E'en while we come to weep and pray,
The happy spirit far hath fled
To brighter realms of endless day;
||: Immortal hope dispels the gloom!
An angel sits beside the tomb.||

CEPHAS. L. M. D.

LOWELL MASON.

79. *The Heavens Declare the Glory of God.* ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

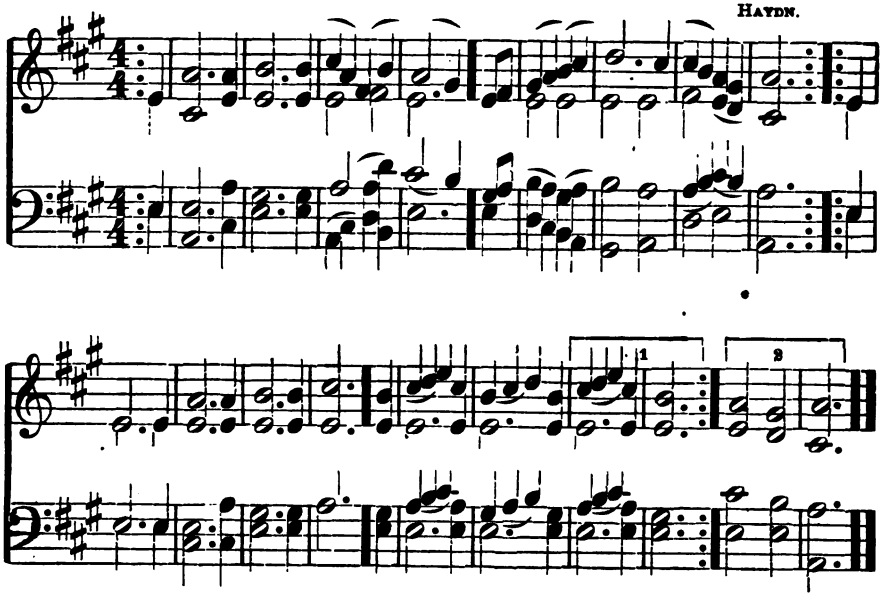
Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball!
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

80. *Dirge for the Heroic Dead.* COLLINS.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
||: She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod. ||:

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
||: And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there. ||:

HAYDN.

81. *God in Creation.* PEABODY.

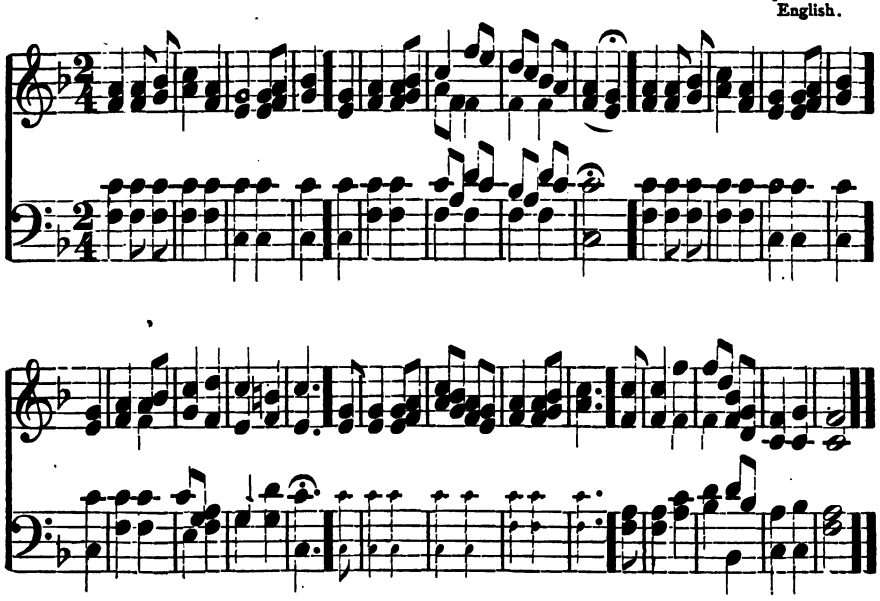
GOD of the rolling orbs above,
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light:
For ev'ry fire that fronts the sun,
And ev'ry spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world, the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay;
Her incense-fires shall cease to burn:
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow,
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

82. *The World to Come.* ANON.

THERE is a world we have not seen,
That wasting time can ne'er destroy,
Where mortal footsteps have not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.
That world to come! and Oh, how blest!
Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel-guest
One-half its blessedness unfold.

It is all holy and serene,—
The land of glory and repose;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
No tear of sorrow ever flows.
There forms unseen by mortal eye,
Too glorious for our sight to bear,
Are walking with their God on high,
And waiting our arrival there.

English.

83. *God is Love.* W. Ray.

Thou art, almighty Lord of all,
From everlasting still the same;
Before thee dazzling seraphs fall,
And veil their faces in a flame,
To see such bright perfections glow—
Such floods of glory from thee flow.

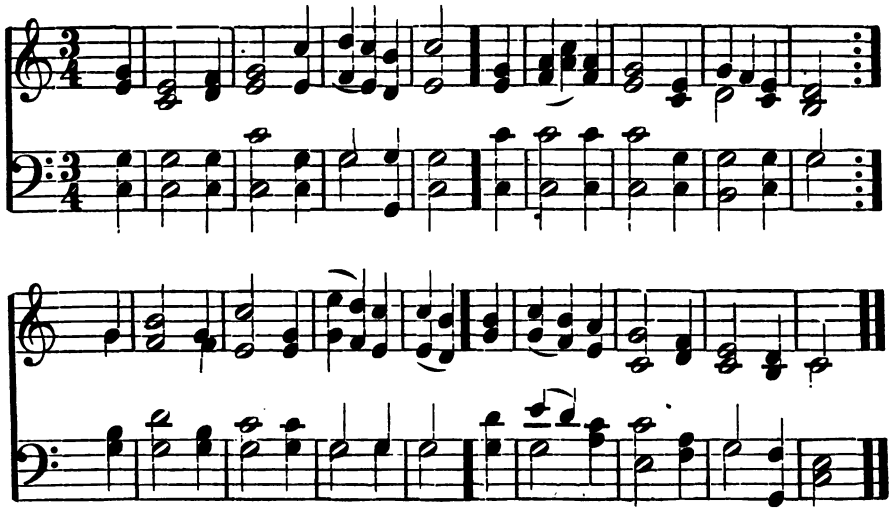
The sun himself is but a gleam,
A transient meteor, from thy throne;
And ev'ry frail and fickle beam
That ever in creation shone,
Is nothing, Lord, compared to thee,
In thy own vast immensity.

But though thy brightness may create
All worship from the hosts above,
This most thy name must elevate,
Thou art, O Lord, a God of love;
And mercy is the central sun
Of all thy glories joined in one.

84. *Consider the Poor.* Pratt's Coll.

Blest who with generous pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes:
Bows to the poor man's wants his ear,
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear!
In every want, in every woe,
Himself thy pity, Lord shall know.

Thy love his life shall guard, thy hand
Give to his lot the chosen land;
Nor leave him, in the troubled day,
To unrelenting foes a prey.
In sickness thou shalt raise his head,
And make with tenderest care his bed.

BORTNIANSKY.

85. *Sabbath Worship.* STEELE.

GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
Demands our souls' collected pow'rs;
May we employ in work divine,
These solemn, these devoted hours;
O may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly;
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
Oh, may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

Thy spirit's powerful aid impart;
Oh, may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine;
Then shall our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

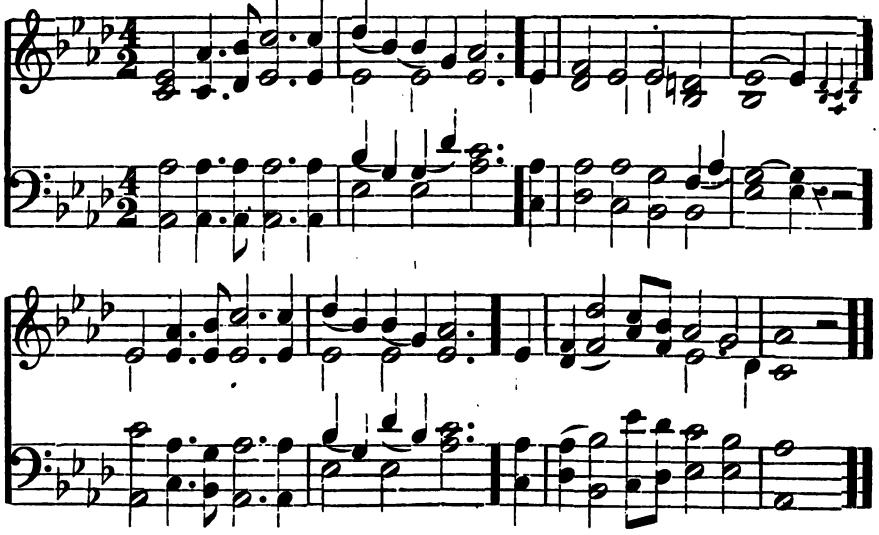
86. *The Good Shepherd.* ADDISON.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

GOULD. C. M.

J. E. Gould.

87. *The Nativity.* Sears.

Calm, on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee,
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God," the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's Eternal King!"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Savior now is born;
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

88. *Hymn for Christmas.* Croswell.

Now gird your patient loins again,
Your wasting torches trim!
The chief of all the sons of men,
Shall we not welcome him?

Fill all his courts with sacred songs,
And from the temple wall
Wave garlands o'er the joyful throngs
That crowd his festival!

And still more freshly in the mind
Store up the hopes sublime
Which then were born for all mankind,
So blessed was the time;

And, underneath these hallowed eaves,
A Saviour will be born
In every heart that him receives,
On his triumphal morn.

89. *Marriage Hymn.* SIGOURNEY.

NOT for the summer's hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we join;

But for those stern and wintry days
Of sorrow, pain, and fear,
When heaven's wise discipline doth make
Our earthly journey drear;—

Not for this span of life alone,
Which like a blast doth fly,
And as the transient flowers of grass
Just blossom, droop, and die:—

But for a being without end
This vow of love we take;
Grant us, O God, one home at last,
For thy great mercy's sake.

90. *The Mysteries of Providence.* COWPER.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

91. *God is Good.* WHITTIER.

I SEE the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groans and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin!

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed star my spirit clings:
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

92. *All Men are Equal.* H. MARTINEAU.

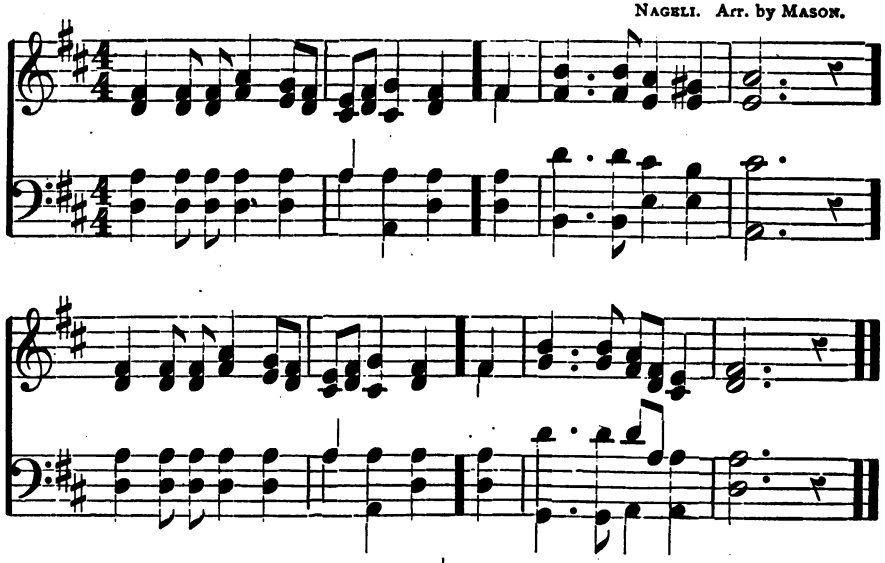
ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts that hands have made,
And hears the worshiper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

'Tis man alone who difference makes,
And speaks of high and low,
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride,
Ye low, your shame and fear:
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
Your brotherhood revere.

NAOMI. C. M.

NAGELI. Arr. by MASON.

93. *Reconciliation.* RIPPON'S COLL.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

94. *Homage.* ANON.

Now blessing, honor, glory, power
By all in earth and heaven,
To him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

95. *Remembering Christ.* NOEL.

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh:

Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe!

While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,
"Meet and remember me."

Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there!

96. *Thy Will be Done.* PERCY CHAPEL C LL.

FATHER, I know thy ways are just,
Although to me unknown;
Oh, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry, "Thy will be done."

If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

Although thy steps I cannot trace,
Thy sov'reign right I'll own;
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

'Tis sweet thus passively to lie
Before thy gracious throne,
Concerning everything to cry,
"My Father's will be done."

97. *Death of a Child.* STEELE.

LIFE is a span,—a fleeting hour:
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies!

The once-lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps, her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears;
Thy Savior dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears;
And joys that never die.

98. *He Healeth the Broken in Heart.* MOORE.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

But thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting thro' the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

99. *Youthful Example.* WM. CUTTER.

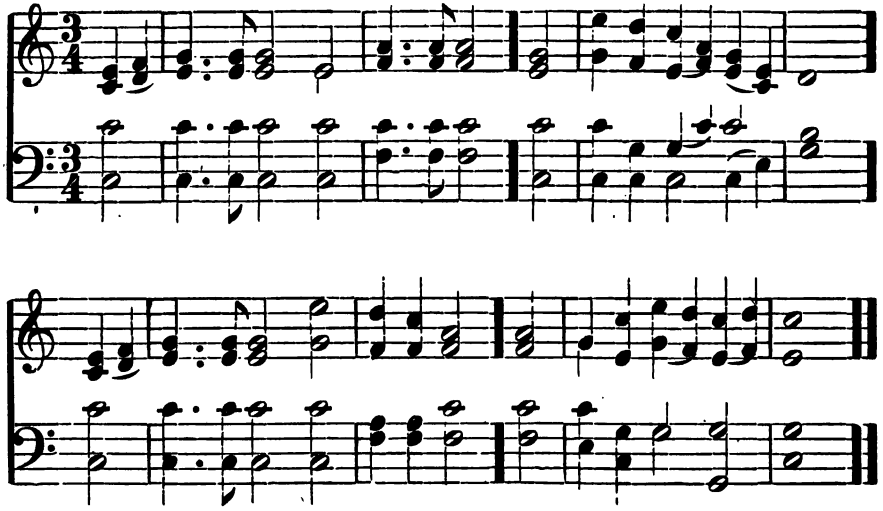
WHAT if the little rain should say,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh these thirsty fields,
I'll tarry in the sky?

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

Doth not each raindrop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

Go thou, and strive to do thy share—
One talent,—less than thine—
Improved with steady zeal and care,
Would gain rewards divine.

HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

100. *The New Year.* GASKELL.

OUR Father, through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave, without a fear,
Its ordering all to thee.

It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all its good we thought to gain
Deceive, and prove but care.

It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain,
And bid us take our farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.

But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest:
No fears our trust shall move:
Thou knowest what for each is best;
And thou art perfect love.

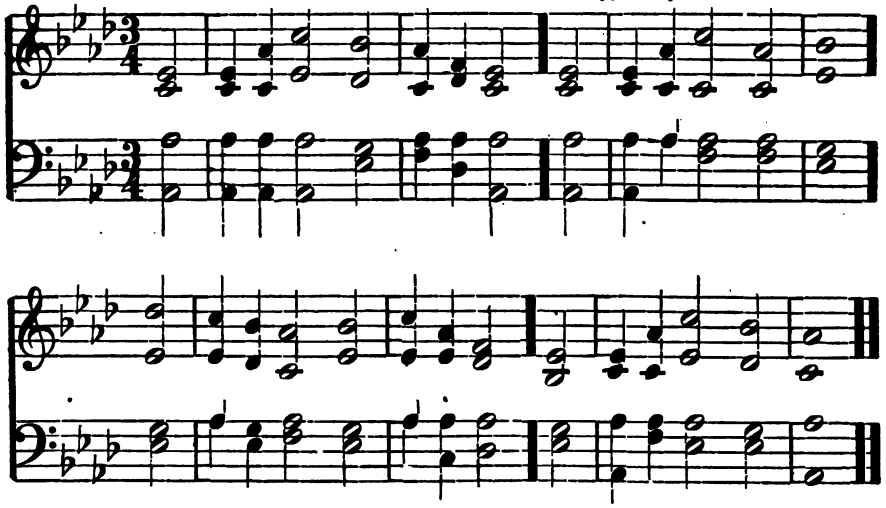
101. *To Every Man according to his Several Ability.* CUTTER.

HIDE not thy talent in the earth,
However small it be;
Its faithful use, its utmost worth,
God will require of thee.

His own, which he hath lent on trust,
He asks of thee again;
Little or much, the claim is just,
And thine excuses vain.

Doth not each raindrop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

Go, then, and strive to do thy part,
Though humble it may be;
The ready hand, the willing heart,
Are all heaven asks of thee.

Celtic Melody, Arr. by Wm. H. Havergal.

102. *Nature's Worship.* Whittier.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star;

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine:
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The blue sky is the temple's arch;
Its transept earth and air;
The music of its starry march,
The chorus of a prayer.

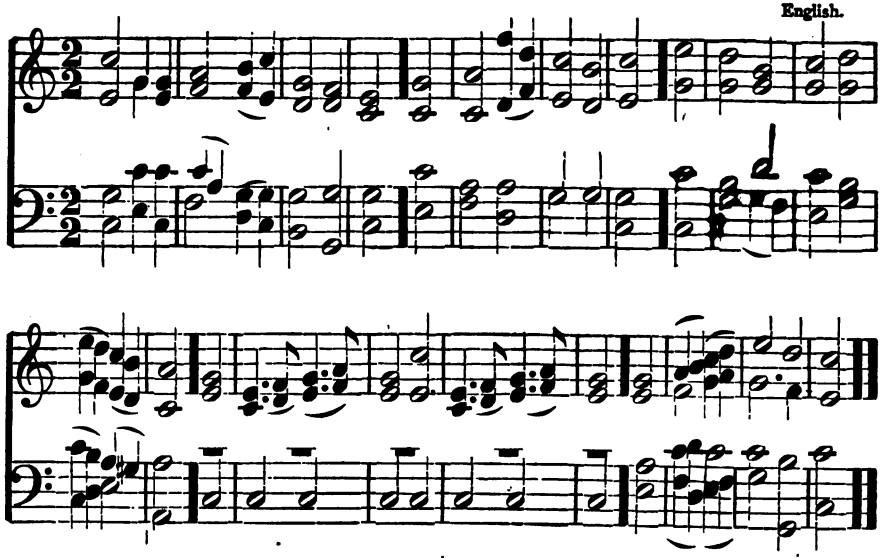
103. *We are All Brethren.* Anon.

Hushed be the battle's fearful roar,
The warrior's rushing call!
Why should the earth be drenched with gore?
Are we not brothers all?

Want, from the starving poor depart!
Chains, from the captives fall!
Great God, subdue the oppressor's heart,
Are we not brothers all?

Sect, clan, and nation, oh, strike down
Each mean partition-wall!
Let love the voice of discord drown!
Are we not brothers all?

Let grace, and truth, and peace, alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heav'n at length its work may own,
And men be brothers all.

English.

104. *True Prayer.* MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

105. *Early Worship.* WATTS.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

106. *Children Brought to Jesus.*

"FORBID them not," the Savior cried,
"But suffer them to come:"
Ah, then maternal tears were dried,
And unbelief was dumb.

Lord, we believe, and we obey;
We bring them at thy word;
Be thou our children's strength and stay,
Their portion and reward.

107. *The Influence of Love.* WATTS.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In brightest realms of bliss.

108. *Prayer for Our Country.* WREFORD.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

Protect our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

109. *Prayer for Seamen.* SELECT HYMNS.

WE come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united pleas,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the seas.

Oh, may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow
Like rain-drops in the sea.

Then may a Savior's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

110. *For Grateful Submission.* MONTGOMERY.

ONE prayer I have, all prayers in one,
When I am wholly thine;
"Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine."

May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me
May all thy bounties flow.

Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.

111. *Advantage of Early Piety.* WATTS.

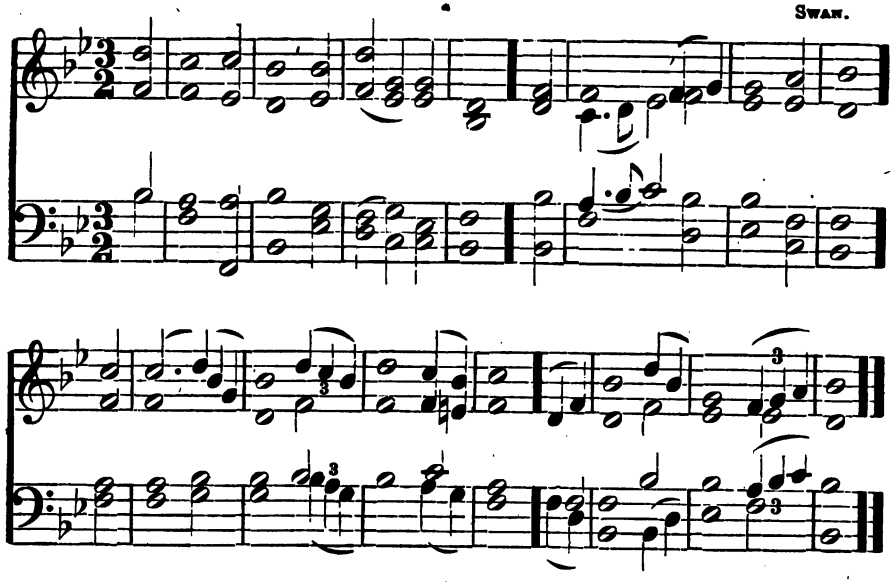
WHEN children give their hearts to God
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

It saves us from a thousand fears,
To mind religion young;
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And renders virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God! to thee
May we our hearts resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN.



112. *Mourn Not.* WATTS.

WHY do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

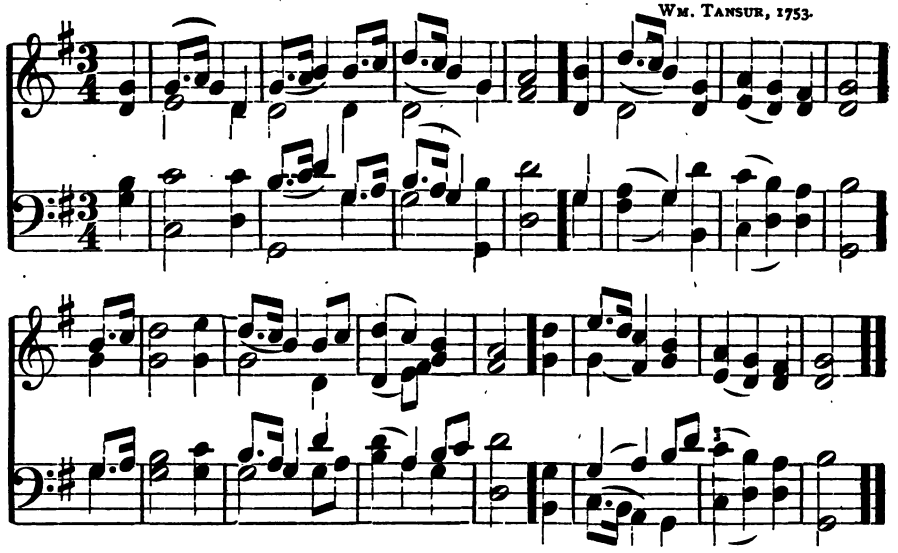
Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, immortals under ground;
Ye shall ascend the skies.

113. *Not Lost, but Gone Before.* WHITTIER.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.

Unto our Father's will alone
One thought has reconciled,—
That he whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

114. *Law of Love.* Drennan.

All nature feels attractive power,
A strong embracing force;
The drops that sparkle in the shower,
The planets in their course.

Thus in the universe of mind,
Is felt the law of love;
The charity both strong and kind,
For all that live and move.

In this fine, sympathetic chain
All creatures bear a part;
Their every pleasure, every pain,
Linked to the feeling heart.

More perfect bond, the Christian plan
Attaches soul to soul;
Our neighbor is the suffering man,
Though at the farthest pole.

115. *Christ and the Church.* Frothingham.

O Lord of life and truth and grace,
Ere nature was begun!
Make welcome to our erring race
Thy spirit and thy son.

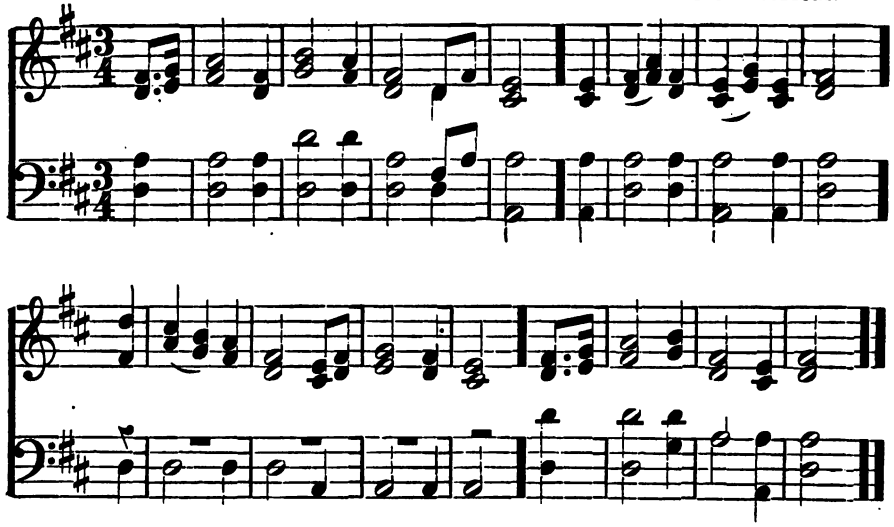
Oh, may he walk among us here
With his rebuke and love;
A brightness o'er this lower sphere,
A ray from worlds above!

116. *The Power of the Spirit.* Anon.

Lo! when the spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the church of God; it fills
The sinful world around:
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. Woodbury.

117. *Of Such is the Kingdom of God.* Heber.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r,
And stormy passion's rage.

118. *Heaven Desired.* Moore.

The bird let loose in Eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

But high she shoots thro' air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft through faith's serener air
To hold my course to thee.

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

119. *A Sabbath Morning.* ANON.

How sweet, how calm this Sabbath morn!
How pure the air that breathes,
And soft the sound upon it borne,
And light its vapor wreaths!

It seems as if the Christian's prayer
For peace and joy and love,
Were answered by the very air
That wafts its strain above.

120. *Invoking God's Aid.* H. WARE, Jr.

FATHER in heaven, to thee my heart
Would lift itself in prayer;
Drive from my soul each earthly tho't
And show thy presence there.

Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of my Lord,
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear me on to God.

O Father, kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thy almighty name.

121. *What is Death?* HARRIS.

DEATH is the fading of a cloud,
The breaking of a chain;
The rending of a mortal shroud
We ne'er shall see again.

Death is the close of life's alarms,—
The watch-light on the shore;—
The clasping in immortal arms
Of loved ones gone before.

Death is the gaining of a crown
Where saints and angels meet;
The laying of our burden down
At the Deliverer's feet.

122. *God's Love and Care.* WHITTIER.

I LONG for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

Oh, dearest Lord, by whom are known
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on thee.

123. *She Loved Much.* MOORE.

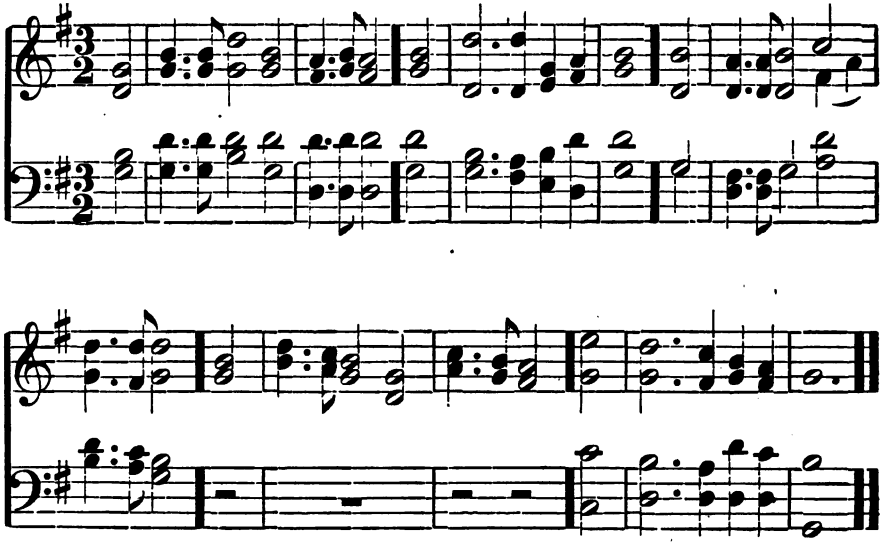
WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy heaven,
When, o'er the faults of former years,
She wept, and was forgiven?

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Savior's hallowed feet
The precious ointment poured;

Were not those sweets so freely shed,
That shame, those weeping eyes,
And the sunk heart which inly bled,
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh, wouldst thou wake to heaven?
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep;
"Love much," and be forgiven!

WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. Gould.

124. *The Bible.* Cowper.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display.
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

125. *Universal Prayer.* Pope.

Father of all, whose cares extend
To earth's remotest shore,
Through every age let praise ascend,
And every clime adore.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand,
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal destruction round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

126. *The Sabbath of the Soul.* MRS. BARBAULD.

O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
No fear nor doubt shall enter here,—
All shall be thine to-day.

We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple thine.

Then sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The Sabbath of the soul.

127. *God's All-Embracing Love.* AN. CATH. HYMN.

THOU Grace divine, encircling all!
A soundless, shoreless sea;
Wherein at last our souls shall fall;
O Love of God most free.

When over dizzy steeps we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes;
The other leads us safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free,
To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death,
O Love of God, to thee!

128. *Spring.* STEELE.

WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

Hark! how the feathered warblers sing!
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gift impart;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song,
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

129. *Summer.* MRS. MILES.

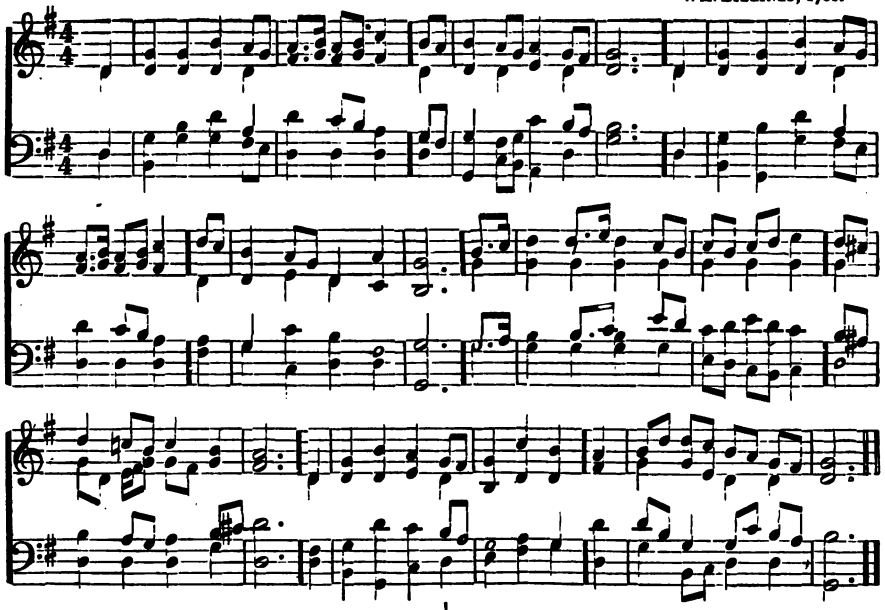
THE earth all light and loveliness,
In summer's golden hours,
Shines, in her bridal vesture clad,
And crowned with festal flowers,

So radiantly beautiful,
So like to heaven above,
We scarce can deem more fair that world
Of perfect bliss and love.

Is this a shadow faint and dim
Of that which is to come?
What shall the unveiled splendor be
Of our celestial home,

Where waves the glorious tree of life,
Where streams of bliss gush free,
And all is glowing in the light
Of immortality?

JORDAN. C. M.

WM. BILLINGS, 1781.

130. *The Promised Land.* WATTS.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

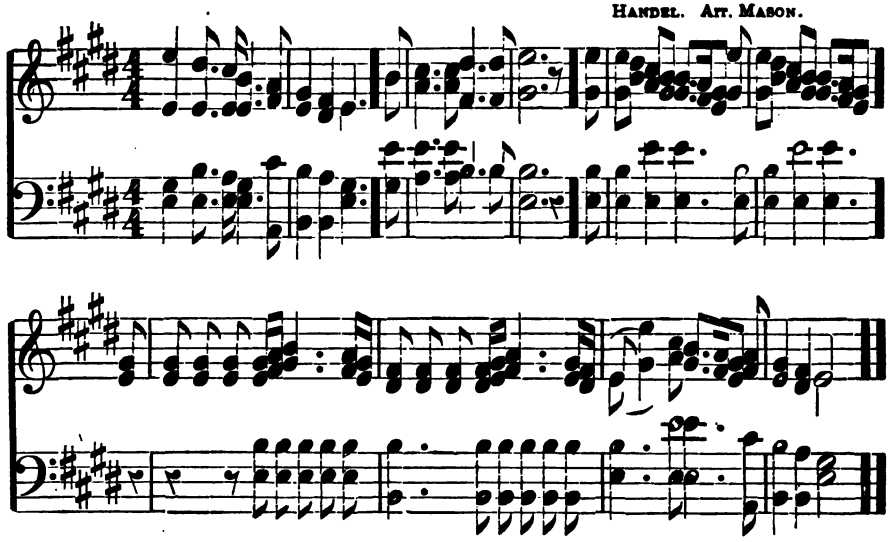
131. *Praise of Christ.* WATTS.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine!

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air and earth and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

HANDEL. ART. MASON.

132. *The Reign of Christ.* WATTS.

JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her king;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

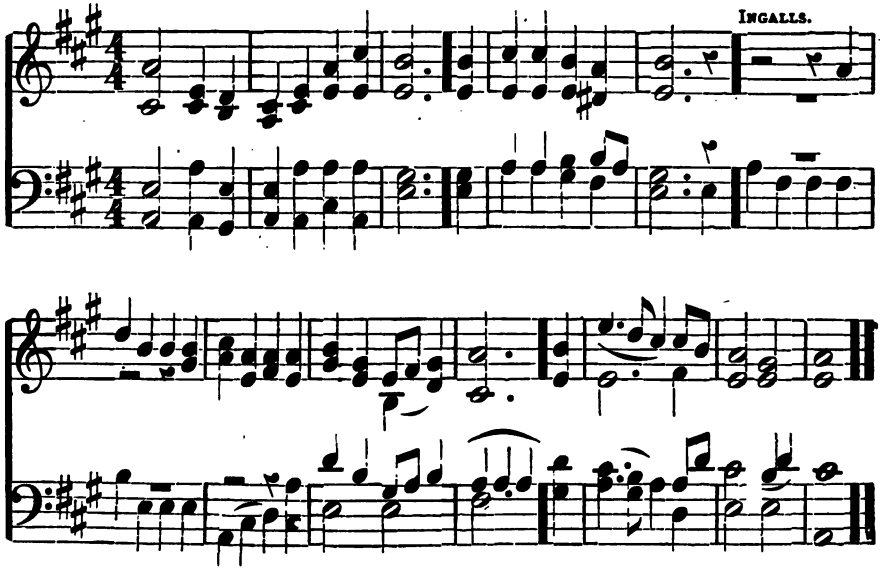
He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.

133. *Christmas Carol.* SEARS.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious king."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still thro' the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:

Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

134. *The Reign of Christ.* WATTS.

Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

The God of glory, down to men,
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he their loving God.

His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die!

How long, dear Savior, oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

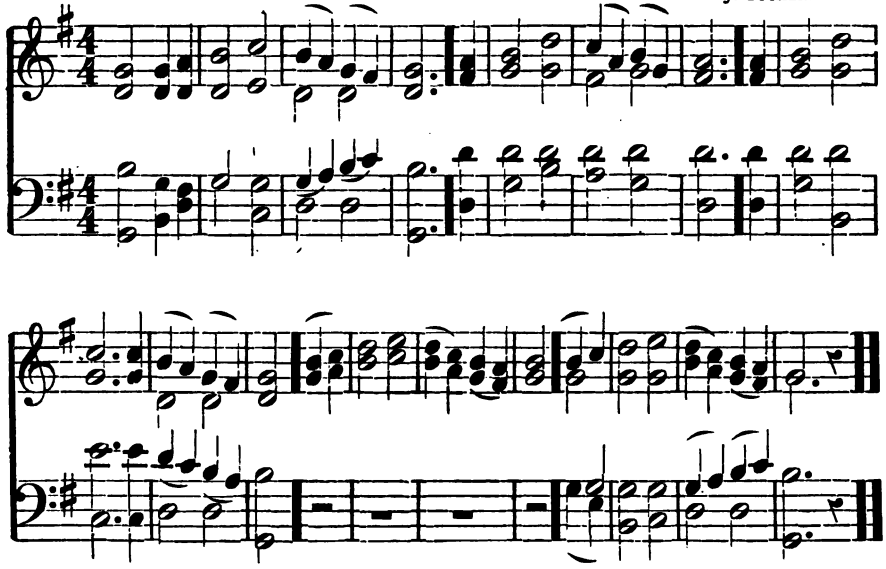
135. *Christmas Time.* PATRICK.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks
All seated on the ground, [by night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," he said, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!

J. Tucker.

136. *Dedication.* Bryant.

O Thou, whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea!
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by thy side.

May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray.

May faith grow firm and love grow warm
And pure devotion rise, [storm
While round these hallowed walls the
Of earth-born passion dies!

137. *Church Communion.* S. F. Smith.

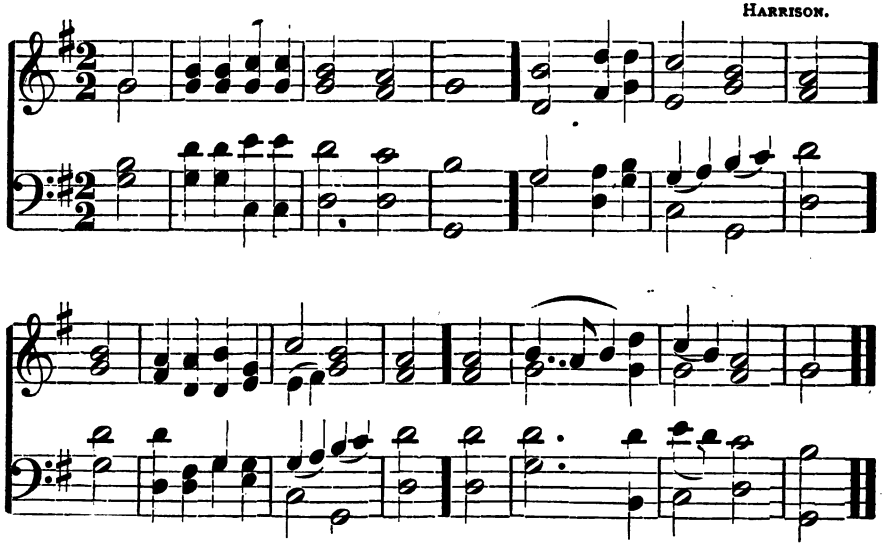
Planted in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord!

Joined in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

Then, when among the saints in light,
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine!

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

HARRISON.

138. *Morning Praise.* WATTS.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

139. *Burial of the Young.* HEMANS.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now:
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath;
Soul to its home on high:
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

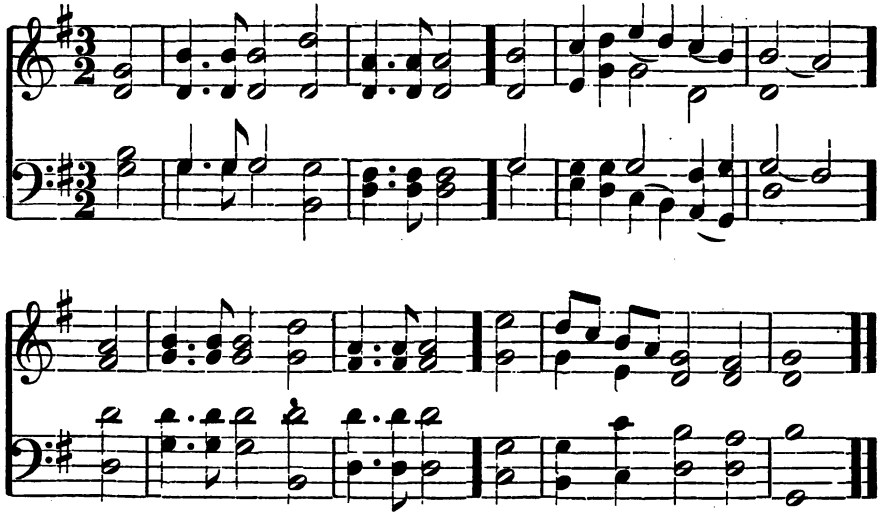
140. *As God Wills.* WHITTIER.

ALL as God wills! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back.

That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

J. DUTTON, Jr.

141. *Bear Each Other's Burdens.*

METH. COL.

HELP us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

Up unto thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And faithful here below.

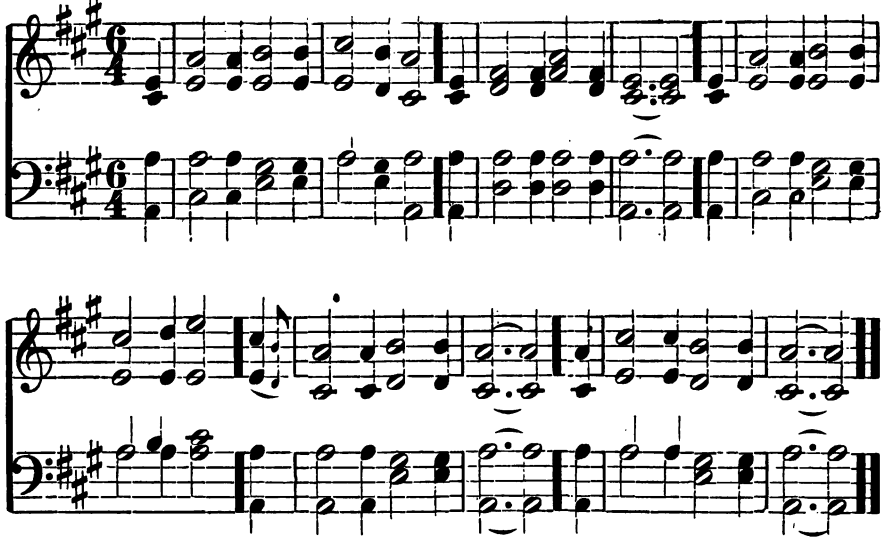
142. *Love of Worship.* BROWN.

I LOVE to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

HASTINGS.

143. *Remember thy Creator in thy Youth.*
GIBBONS.

IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrives, and trembling waits
Its summons to the tomb,—

Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence and joy.

He shall defend and guide thy course,
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shores
Of blest eternity.

Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The ways of heavenly truth;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

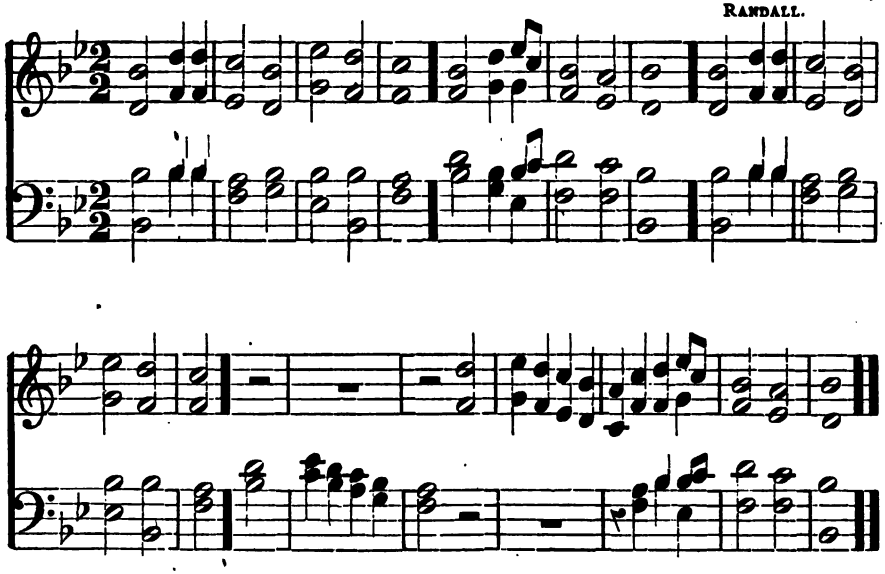
144. *Suffer the Little Children to Come.*
DODDRIDGE.

SEE Israel's gentle shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

"Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name,
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

RANDALL.

145. *The Holy Spirit Implored.* WATTS.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate!
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers!
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

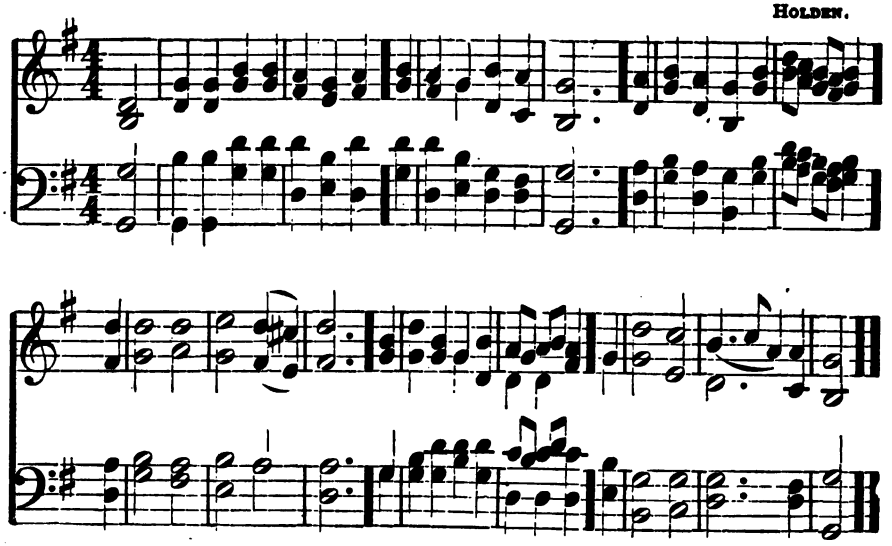
146. *God's Spirit Desired.* REED.

SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

Come as the light, to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe,
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

HOLDEN.

147. *Ho, Every One that Thirsteth, Come Ye to the Waters.* WATTS.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind!

Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die!
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

148. *The Triumph of Christ.* DUNCAN.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

149. *The Church Below and Above.* C. WESLEY.

THE saints on earth and souls above,
But one communion make;
Joined to the Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Oh God, be thou our constant guide!
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

150. *The Mission of Christ.* DODDRIDGE.

HARK, the glad sound! the Savior comes!
The Savior promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasure of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!
Thy welcome still proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

151. *God our Father.* ANON.

EVEN he who lit the stars of old,
And filled the ocean broad,
Whose works and ways are manifold,
Our Father is our God.

There comes no change upon his years,
No failure to his hand;
His love will lighten all our cares,
His law our steps command.

Then as his children we may come,
For he hath called us near,
And bade our souls take courage from
The love that casts out fear.

Lord, while on earth we work and pray
For good withheld or given:
Help us in faith and love to say,
Father, who art in heaven.

152. *The Empire of Christ.* H. BALLOU.

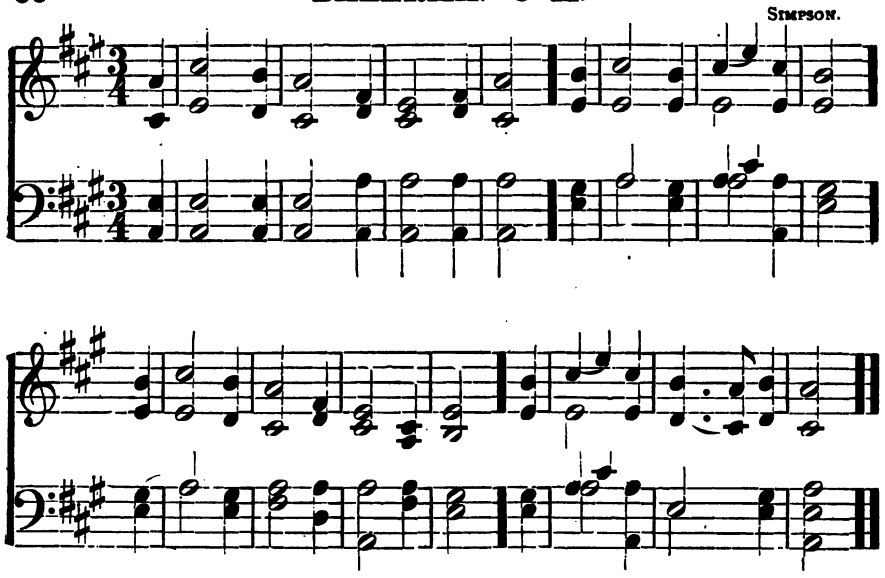
JESUS his empire shall extend:
Beneath his gentle sway
Kings of the earth shall humbly bend,
And his commands obey.

As clouds descend in gentle showers,
When spring renews her reign;
And call to life the fragrant flowers
O'er forest, hill, and plain;—

So Jesus, by his heavenly grace,
Descends on all below,
And o'er the millions of our race
His gentle blessings flow.

All that the reign of sin destroyed,
The Savior shall restore;
And, from the treasures of the Lord,
Shall give us blessings more.

BALERMA. C. M.

SIMPSON.

153. *Her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness.*

LOGAN.

OH, happy is the man who hears
  Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
  His early, only choice.

For she has treasure greater far
  Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
  Than is the gain of gold.

She guides the young, with innocence
  In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
  Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,
  So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
  And all her paths are peace.

154. *Death of Children.*

YE mourning ones, whose streaming
  Flow o'er your children dead, [tears
Say not in transports of despair
  That all your hopes are fled.

If, cleaving to that darling dust,
  In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
  A heavenly Parent nigh.

I'll give the mourner, saith the Lord,
  In my own house a place;
No names of daughters nor of sons
  Could yield so high a grace.

We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
  Through which thy face we see;
And bless those wounds which thro' our hearts
  Prepare a way for thee.

155. *Habitual Piety.* Exeter Col.

BLEST is man who fears the Lord!
His well-established mind,
In every varying scene of life,
Shall true composure find.

Though dark his present prospects be,
And sorrows round him dwell,
Yet hope can whisper to his soul,
That all shall issue well.

Full in the presence of his God,
Through every scene he goes;
And, fearing him, no other fear
His steadfast bosom knows.

156. *Help my Unbelief.* Wrexford.

LORD! I believe; thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

Lord! I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak;
Strengthen my weakness, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

Yes, I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief;
Lord! to thy truth my spirit bow,
Help thou my unbelief!

157. *Mount Zion.* Watts.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

158. *Love of Sabbath Service.* Mrs. Follen.

How sweet upon this sacred day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly thoughts away,
And think of God and heaven!

How sweet to be allowed to pray
Our sins may be forgiven!
With filial love and trust to say,
"Father, who art in heaven!

How sweet the words of peace to hear
From him to whom 'tis given
To wake the penitential tear,
And lead the way to heaven!

And if, to make our sins depart,
In vain the will has striven,
He who regards the inmost heart,
Will send his grace from heaven.

159. *A Hymn for Children.* Bryant.

(In no other collection.)

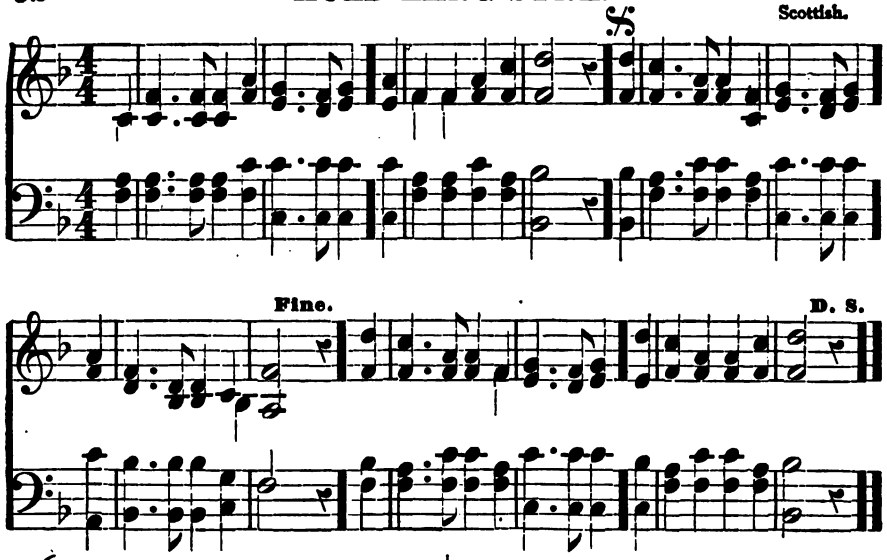
As o'er the cradle of her Son
The blessed Mary hung,
And chanted to th' Anointed One
The psalms that David sung,

What joy her bosom must have known,
As, with a sweet surprise,
She marked the boundless love that shone
Within his infant eyes!

But deeper was her joy to hear,
E'en in his ripening youth,
And treasure up, from year to year,
His words of grace and truth.

Oh, may we keep his words like her,
In all their life and power,
And to the law of love refer
The acts of every hour.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Scottish.

160. *The Christian Hope.* SUTTON.

HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To sing what God hath done.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which gospel grace hath given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

No hope deferred, no parting sigh,
That blessed meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And hope immortal grows.

It is the hope, the precious hope,
Which boundless grace hath given:
The hope, when time shall be no more,
We all shall meet in heaven.

161. *Triumph in the Assurance of Heaven* WATTS.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile on Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest.
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

162. *The Separated.* CHADWICK.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down:
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But, oh! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God forevermore.

163. *A Hymn of Greeting.* ANON.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind;
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And songs of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne we meet to-night,
For days of auld lang syne,
To sing the songs our fathers sang
In days of auld lang syne.

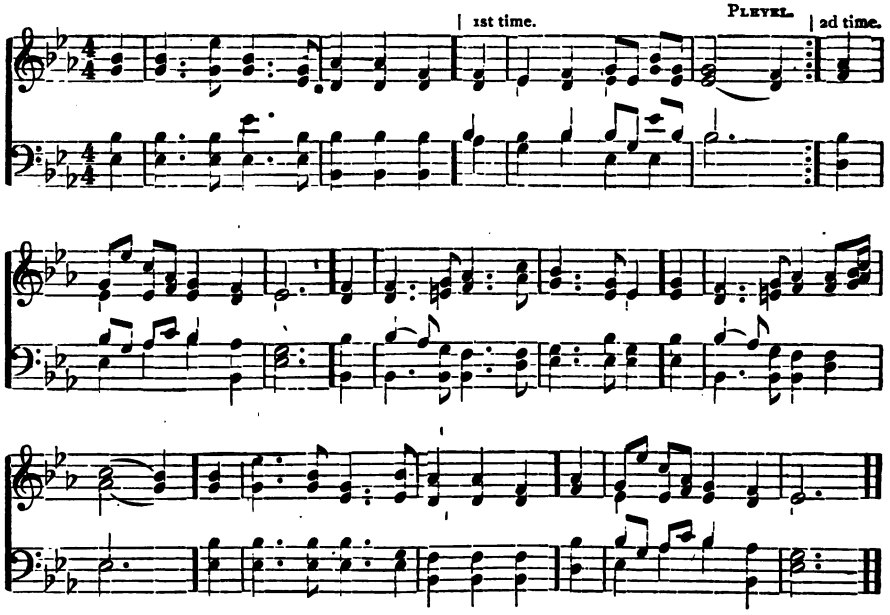
We've passed thro' many varied scenes,
Since youth's unclouded day;
And friends and hopes and happy dreams
Time's hand hath swept away;
And voices that once joined with ours,
In days of auld lang syne,
Are silent now, and blend no more
In songs of auld lang syne.

But when we cross the sea of life,
And reach the heavenly shore,
We'll sing the songs our fathers sing,
Transcending those of yore;
We'll meet to sing diviner strains
Than those of auld lang syne;
Immortal songs of praise, unknown
In days of auld lang syne.

164. *The Call of Truth.* WHITTIER.

OH! not alone without outward sign
Of fear, or voice from heaven,
The message of a truth divine,
The call of God is given;
Awakening in the human heart,
Love for the true and right,
Zeal for the Christian's better part,
Strength for the Christian's fight.

Though heralded by naught of fear,
Or outward sign or show;
Though only to the inward ear
It whisper soft and low;
Though dropping as the manna fell,
Unseen, yet from above,
Holy and gentle, heed it well,
The call to truth and love.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. Double.

165. *Confidence in God.* Williams.

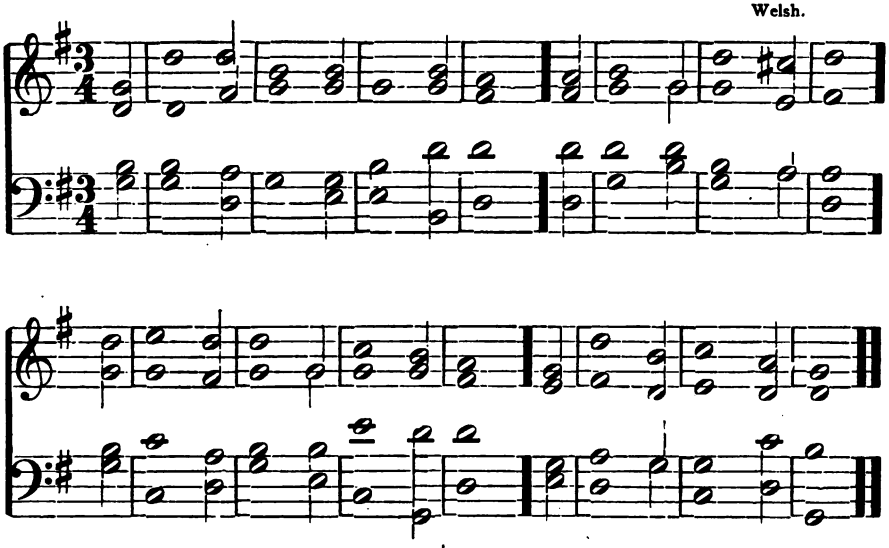
While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled!
Thy love the power of tho't bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

166. *Cheerful Trust.* Addison.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

Welsh.

167. *Ordination.* S. LONGFELLOW.

O GOD, thy children gathered here,
Thy blessing now we wait:
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple's gate.

O Father, keep his soul alive
To every hope of good;
And may his life of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood!

O Father, keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong;
And in the ear of sin and self,
May his rebuke be strong!

And as he doth Christ's footsteps press,
If e'er his faith grow dim,
Then, in the dreary wilderness,
Thine angels strengthen him!

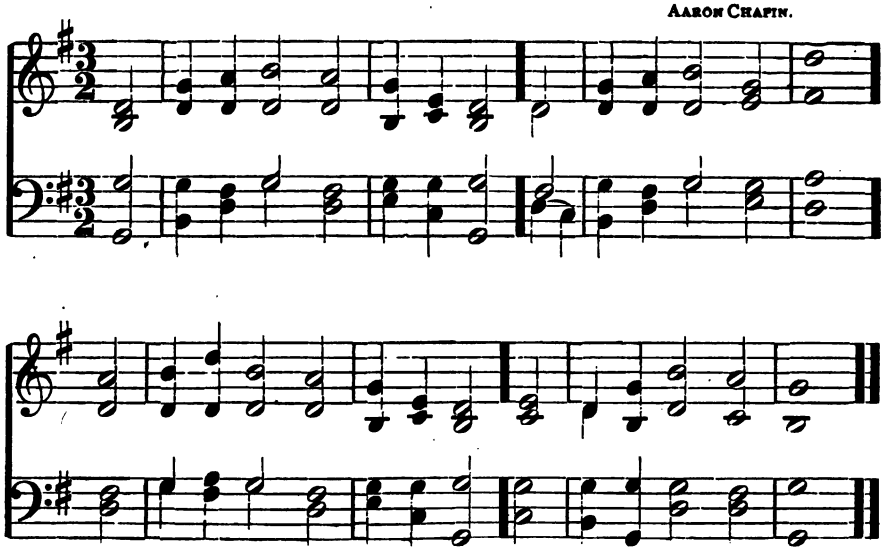
168. *Christ the Way.* DOANE.

THOU art the Way; to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the Truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

AARON CHAPIN.

169. *Spring.* WHITTIER.

THE snow-plumed angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

So in these winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear,
O'erswept from memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.

The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay,
The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope for all.

170. *Death of a Minister.* DODDRIDGE.

WHAT tho' the arm of conq'ring death
Does God's own house invade;
What tho' our teacher and our friend
Is numbered with the dead;

Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And dumb th' instructive tongue;

Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
His teaching to impart:
Lord, be our leader and our guide,
And rule and keep our heart.

Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store,
And shall be fed with what he gives,
Who lives forevermore.

171. *Christian Aspirations.* S. GILMAN.

O GOD, accept this sacred hour
Which we to thee have given;
And let this hallowed scene have power
To raise our souls to heaven.

Still let us hold till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son,
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what he has done.

His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free,
And humbly learn like him to give
Our powers, our wills to thee.

172. *Our Heaven Within.* ANON.

THERE is a world, and oh, how blest!
Fairer than prophets told;
And never did an angel guest
One half its peace unfold.

Look not abroad, with roving mind,
To seek that fair abode;
It comes where'er the soul doth find
The perfect peace of God.

173. *Christ's Law of Love.* ANON.

YE followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw!
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

The love which all his bosom filled
Did all his actions guide:
Inspired by love, he lived and taught,
Inspired by love he died.

And do you love him? do you feel
Your warm affection move?
This is the proof which he demands,
That you each other love.

174. *The Eternal Years.* FABER.

How shalt thou bear the cross that now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon th' eternal years.

Austerity will not avail,
The heart it never cheers,
Thine oil of gladness is the thought
Of the eternal years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
Kiss the sweet cross, and in thy heart
Sing of th' eternal years.

Death will have rainbows round it, seen
Through calm contrition's tears,
If tranquil hope but trims her lamp
At the eternal years.

175. *Sickness and Recovery.* DODDRIDGE.

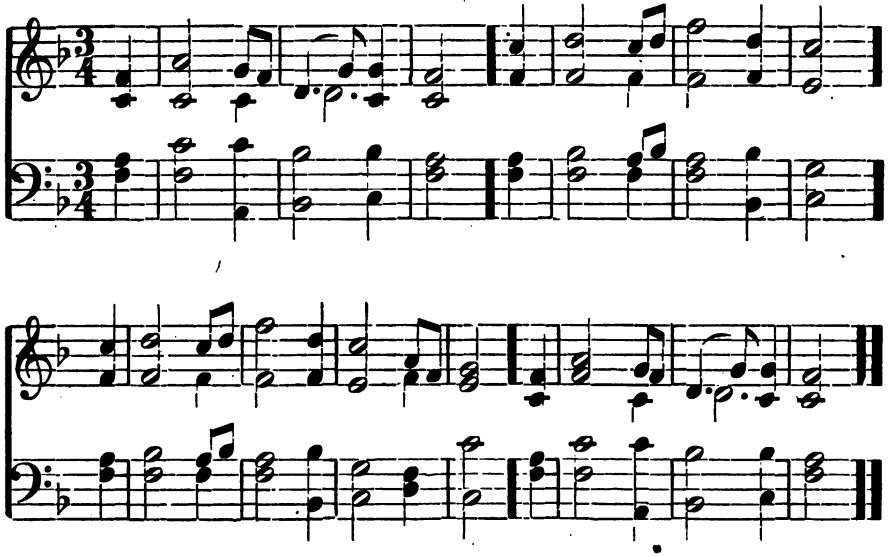
LORD, in thy service I would spend
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

Thy own almighty arm and love
Did this weak frame sustain;
When life was lowering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

Where thou appointest mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven, with thee.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

A. CHAPIN.

176. *God's Care a Remedy for Ours.* DODDRIDGE.

How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

While Providence supports,
We shall securely dwell:
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guide his children well.

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

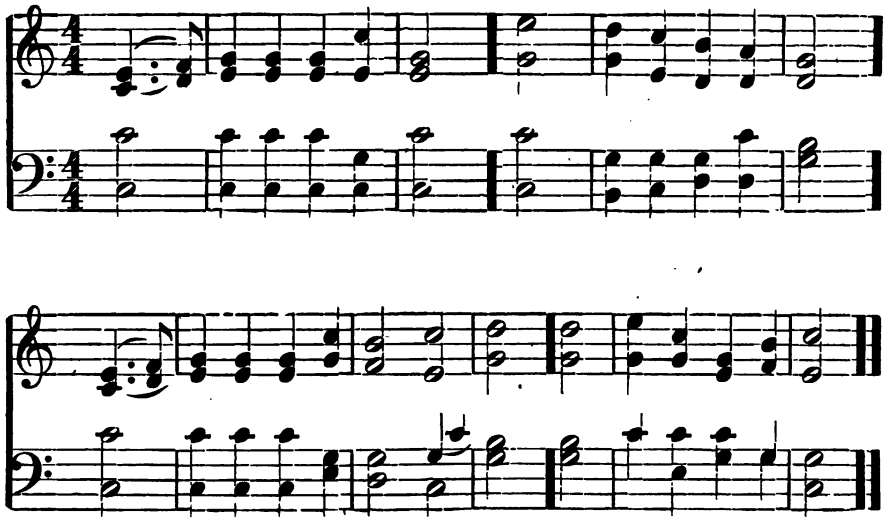
177. *Forever with the Lord.* MONTGOMERY

FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

And when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,—
"Forever with the Lord!"

MASON.

178. *Watch and Pray.* HEATH.

My soul, be on thy guard:
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

Oh, watch and fight and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God.
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

179. *God Our Constant Benefactor.* MRS. STEELE.

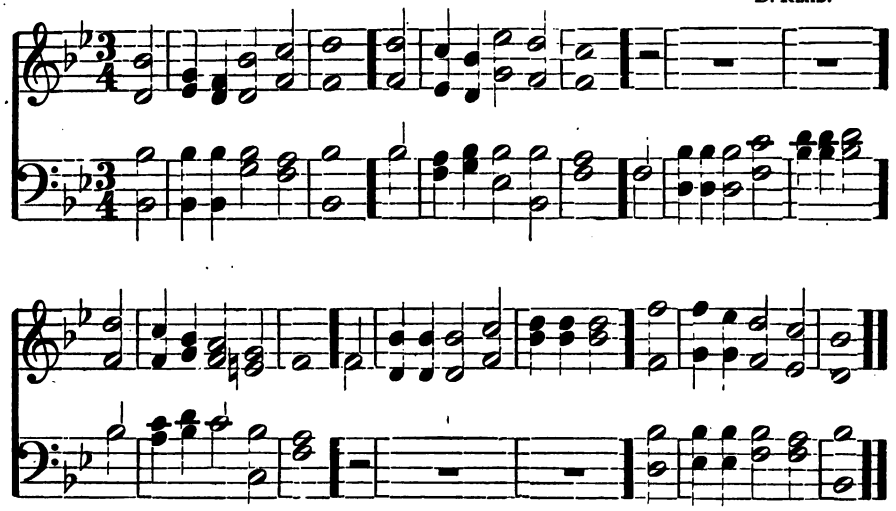
My Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe:
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live:
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

Oh, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine!

LISBON. S. M.

D. READ.

180. *The Sabbath made for Man.* WATTS.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

One day amid the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of folly and of sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

181. *All One in Christ Jesus.* BEDDOME.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their head.

Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

182. *Thanks for All Saints.*
Bishop RICHARD MANT.

For all thy saints, O God,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

183. *The Birth of Christ.* CHAPIN.

HARK! hark! with harps of gold,
What anthem do they sing?
The radiant clouds have backward rolled,
And angels smite the string.

"Glory to God!"—bright wings
Spread glistening and afar,
And on the hallowed rapture rings
From circling star to star.

"Glory to God!" repeat
The glad earth and the sea;
And every wind and billow fleet,
Bears on the jubilee.

Sound, harps, and hail the morn
With every golden string;
For unto us this day is born
A Savior and a King!

184. *The Savior Commemorated.*
PARADISE ST. COLL.

JESUS, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board;
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath,
Which crowned each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

Then let our powers unite,
His sacred name to raise!
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

And while we share the gifts
Which from his gospel flow,
Oh, may our hearts to all mankind
With warm affection glow.

185. *Christ Calling Chila to Himself.*

THE Savior gently calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms;
Himself declares them blest.

"Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee:
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

186. *Dependence on God.* COWPER.

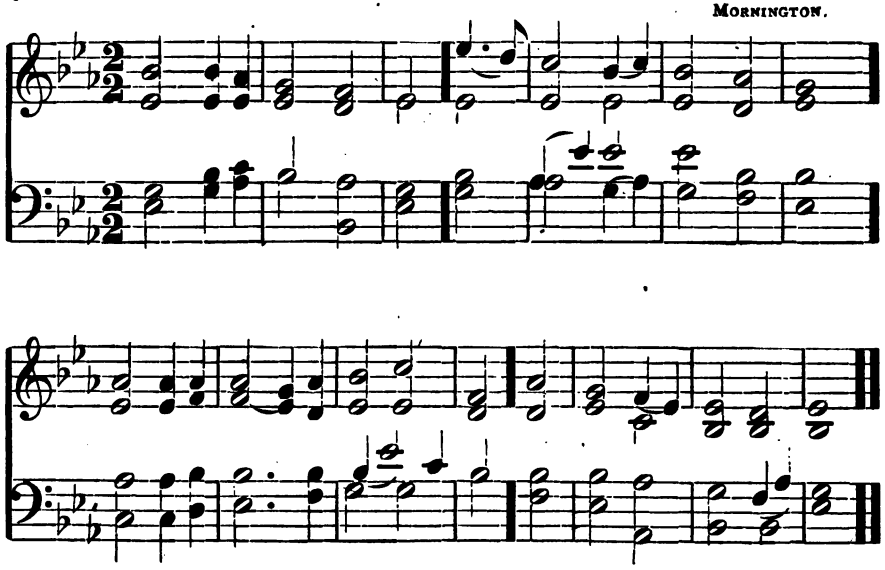
To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.

Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

In God is all our strength;
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses the has none.

MORNINGTON.

187. *The Lord's Prayer.* MONTGOMERY.

OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now!
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.

Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive as we forgive.

From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

188. *The Eventide.* HARTFORD SEL.

THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may I ever bear in mind
The night of death draws near.

I lay my garments by
Upon my bed to rest;
So death will soon remove me hence,
And léave my soul undressed.

Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears:
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

And when I early rise
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

189. *Baptism of a Child.* J. F. CLARKE.

To thee, O God, in heaven,
This little one we bring,
Giving to thee what thou hast given,
Our dearest offering.

Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where grief and joy may come.

Oh, then, let thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like water, from above,
To comfort and make clean.

190. *Active Piety.* SIGOURNEY.

SERVANTS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skie
Already cheers the soil.

Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your sacred lore.

Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring one along,
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.

Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Savior's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

191. *The Communion.* FURNESS.

HERE, in the broken bread,
Here, in the cup we take,
His body and his blood behold,
Who suffered for our sake.

O thou, who didst allow
Thy Son to suffer thus,
Father, what more couldst thou have done,
Than thou hast done for us?

We are persuaded now
That nothing can divide
Thy children from thy boundless love,
Displayed in him who died;—

Who died to make us sure
Of mercy, truth, and peace,
And from the power and pains of sin
To bring a full release.

192. *Heaven.* MRS. STEELE.

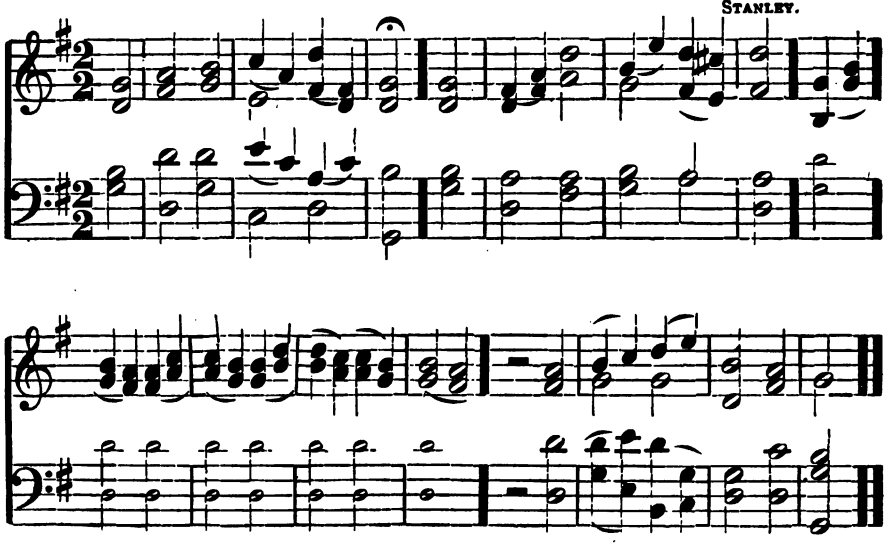
FAR from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

No cloud those regions know,
Forever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe
Can never enter there.

There night is never known,
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray;
But glory from th' eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day.

Oh, may this prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!
And lively faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.

193. *The Perfect Law of the Lord.* WATTS.

BEHOLD, the morning sun
  Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
  And life and light convey.

But where the gospel comes,
  It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
  And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is thy word,
  And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
  And men securely trust.

194. *Heaven Everywhere.* JULIA FLETCHER.

OUR heaven is everywhere,
  If we but love the Lord,
Unswerving tread the narrow way,
  And ever shun the broad.

'Tis where the trusting heart
  Bows meekly to its grief,
Still looking up with earnest faith
  For comfort and relief.

Wherever truth abides,
  Sweet peace is ever there;
If we but love and serve the Lord,
  Our heaven is everywhere.

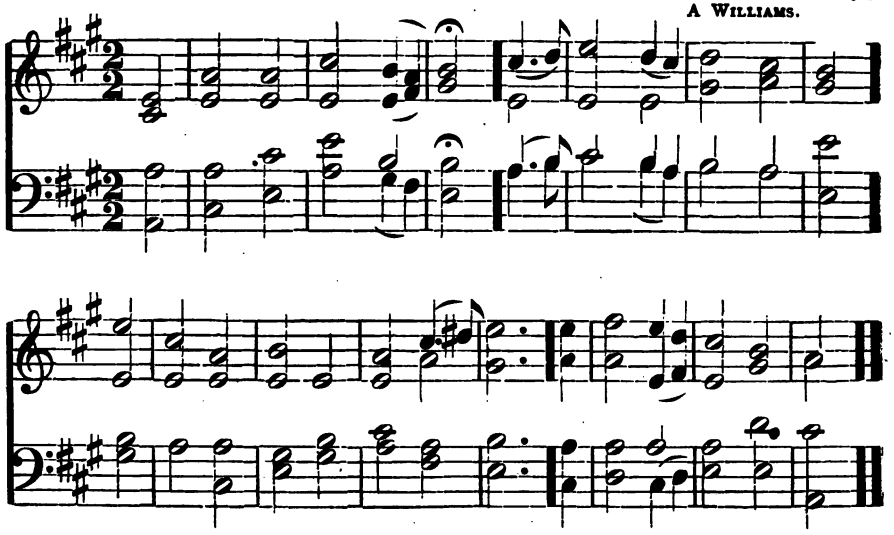
195. *I am with You Alway.* Moravian.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
  Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
  God shall lift up thy head.

Thro' waves, and clouds and storms,
  He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall the night
  Soon end in joyous day.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A WILLIAMS.



196. *Seeking God.* WATTS.

My God, permit my tongue
  This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
  To taste thy love divine.

For life without thy love
  No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
  To serve and please the Lord.

Since thou hast been my help,
  To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
  My cheerful hope relies.

The shadow of thy wings
  My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
  And he supports my steps.

197. *The Religion of Love.* WATTS.

Love is the strongest tie
  That can our hearts unite;
Love makes our service liberty,
  Our every burden light.

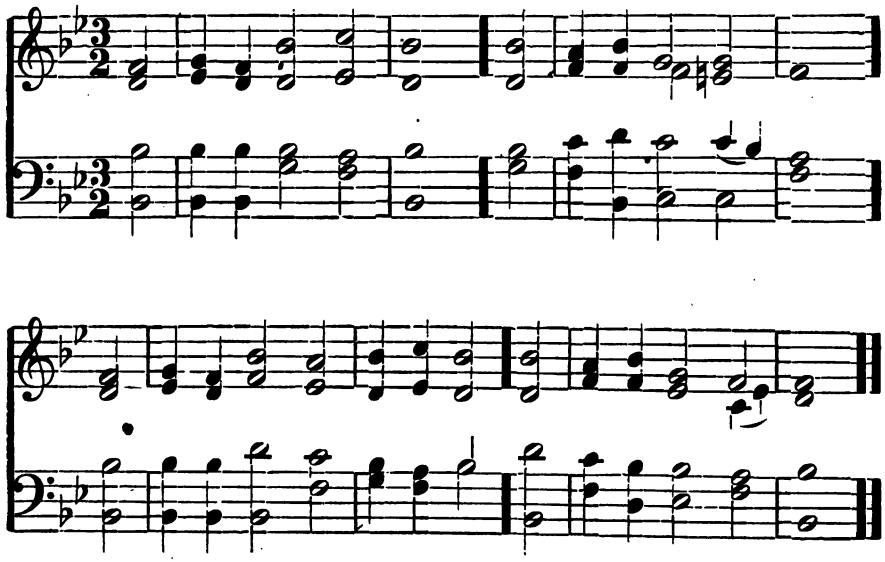
We run in God's commands,
  When love directs the way;
With willing hearts and active hands,
  Our Maker's will obey

Love softens all our toil,
  And makes our bondage blest;
The gloomy desert wears a smile,
  When love inspires the breast.

Let love forever grow,
  And banish wrath and strife;
So shall we witness here below,
  The joys of heavenly life.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. by MASON.



198. *Death of a Young Girl.* WILSON.

WHAT though the stream be dead,
Its banks all still and dry!
It murmurs o'er a lovelier bed,
In air-groves of the sky.

What though our bird of light
Lie mute with plumage dim;
In heaven I see her glancing bright,
I hear her angel-hymn.

True that our beauteous doe
Hath left her still retreat,
But purer now in heavenly snow,
She lies at Jesus' feet.

O star! untimely set!
Why should we weep for thee!
Thy bright and dewy coronet
Is rising o'er the sea.

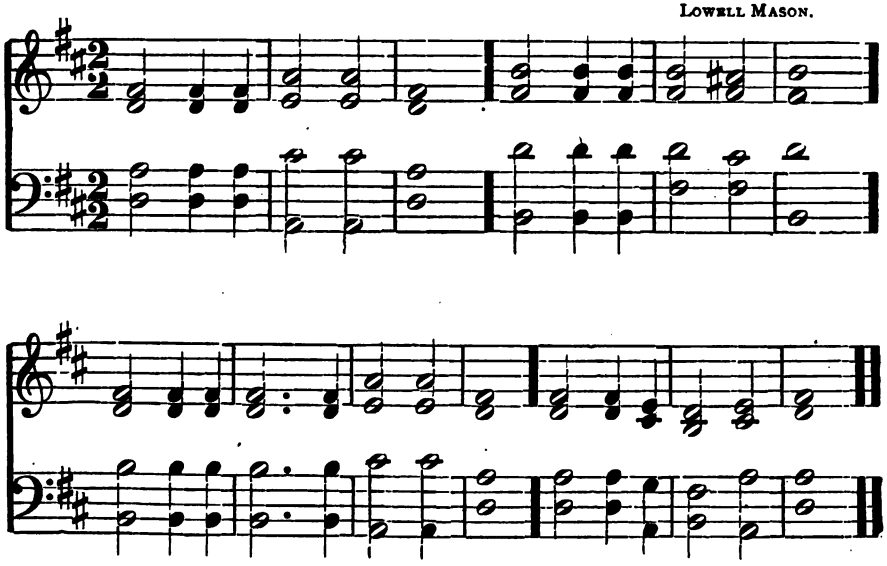
199. *God Our Father.* MRS. STEELE.

MY Father! cheering name!
Oh, may I call thee mine?
Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise:
Oh, bend my will to thine!

Whate'er thy will ordains,
Oh, give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
And trust a Father's care.

Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

LOWELL MASON.

200. *Universal Praise.* WATTS.

THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

201. *The Prisoner.* JULIA FLETCHER.

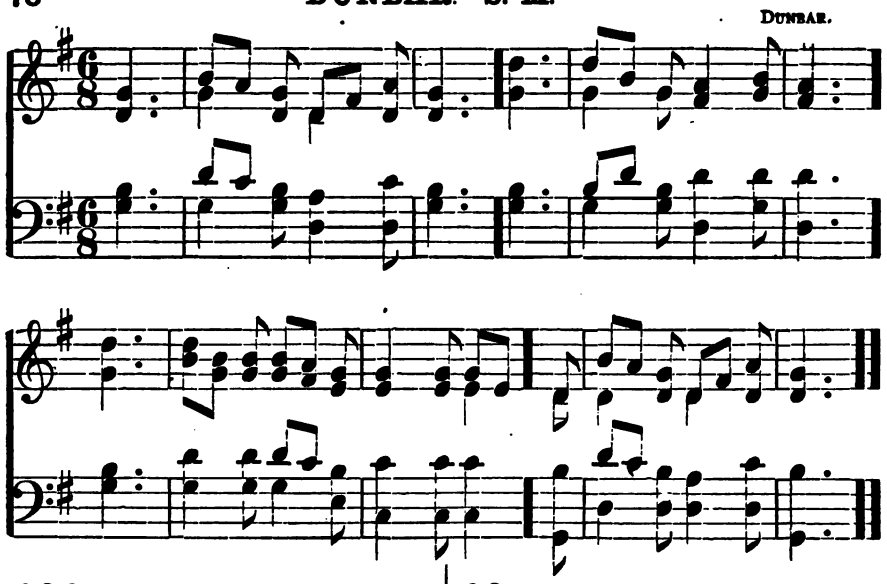
WE come to thee, O God,
With hushed and solemn strain;
We come to plead for those who lie
Bound with the prisoner's chain.

Oh, give them contrite hearts
To feel their fearful sin,
And give to us a patient faith
Those erring ones to win.

Give us to love thy law,
The paths of vice to shun,
But never harshly dare to spurn
The suffering, sinful one.

202. *Evening.* NEALE.

ALMIGHTY God, to-night
To thee for help we pray;
To whom the darkness is as light,
And midnight like the day.

Oh, keep us now from harm,
As thou hast done before!
And let thine everlasting arm
Be round us evermore.

203. *Death of the Young.* ANON.

Go to thy rest, fair child!
  Go to thy dreamless bed,
While yet so gentle, undefiled,
  With blessings on thy head.

Ere sin had seared the breast,
  Or sorrow woke the tear,
Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
  In yon celestial sphere.

Because thy smile was fair,
  Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy loving cradle care
  Was such a fond delight,—

Shall love with weak embrace,
  Thy upward wing detain?
No, gentle angel, seek thy place
  Amid the cherub train.

204. *Summer.* ANON.

GREAT God, at thy command,
  Seasons in order rise:
Thy power and love in concert reign
  Through earth, and seas, and skies.

How balmy is the air!
  How warm the sun's bright beams!
While, to refresh the ground, the rains
  Descend in gentle streams.

With grateful praise we own
  Thy providential hand,
While grass, and herbs and waving corn,
  Adorn and bless the land.

But greater still the gift
  Of thy beloved Son;
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
  Through endless ages run.

205. *Universal Salvation.* H. BALLOU.

IN God's eternity
There shall a day arise,
When all the race of man shall be
With Jesus in the skies.

CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there;
There'll be no sorrow there;
In heav'n above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there;

As night before the rays
Of morning flies away,
Sin shall retire before the blaze
Of God's eternal day.

As music fills the grove
When stormy clouds are past,
Sweet anthems of redeeming love
Shall all employ at last.

Redeemed from death and sin,
Shall Adam's numerous race
A ceaseless song of praise begin,
And shout redeeming grace.

206. *The Hour of Prayer.* ANON.

IT is the hour of prayer:
Draw near and bend the knee,
And fill the calm and holy air
With voice of melody!

The dark and deadly blight
That walks at noontide hour,
The midnight arrow's secret flight,
O'er us have had no power.

Oh, blessed is the hour
That lifts our hearts on high!
Like sunlight when the tempests lower,
Prayer to the soul is nigh.

207. *Private Judgment & Accountability.* SCOTT.

IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye;
But sacred truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.

Lord, give the light we need;
Our minds with knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

208. *Living to God.* HERBERT.

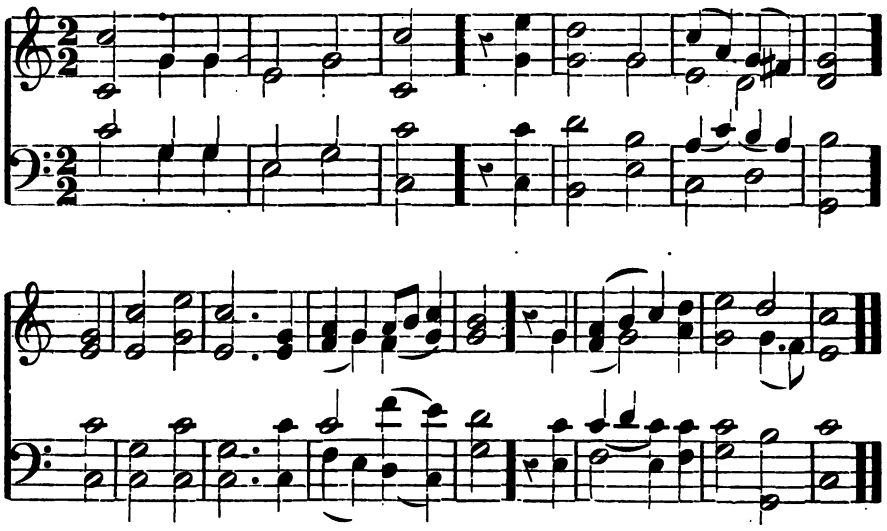
TEACH me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see:
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee!

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do, be thou the way,
In all, be thou the end.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work, divine.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

SMITH.

209. *Public Praise* MONTGOMERY.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

Oh, for a living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

210. *Union.* FAWCETT.

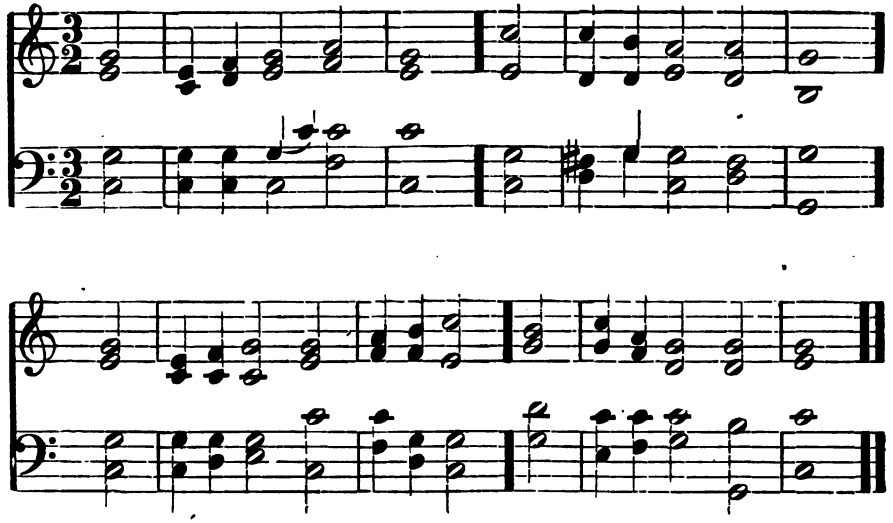
BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

211. *Copying Jesus.* METHODIST COLL.

JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me,
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

In me thy spirit dwell!
In me thy mercy move!
So shall the fervor of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

212. *The Merciful God.* WATTS.

My soul repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

But thy compassion, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

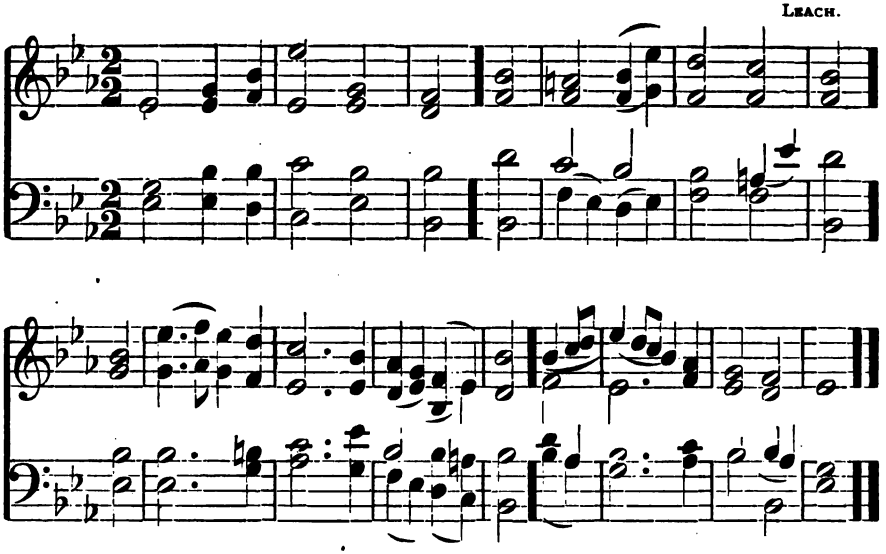
213. *Domestic Affection.* WATTS.

How pleasing, Lord! to see,
How pure is the delight,
When mutual love, and love to thee,
A family unite!

From these celestial springs
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet;
While mingled praise and mingled prayers
Make their communion sweet.

'Tis the same pleasure fills
The breast in worlds above;
There joy like morning dews distills,
And all the world is love.

LEACH.

214. *God's Kingdom Welcomed.* JOHNS.

COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

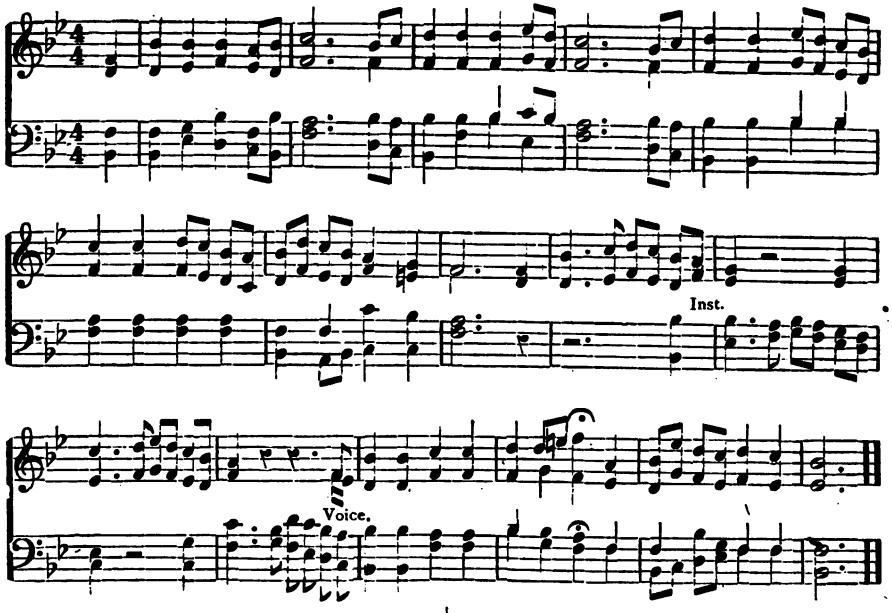
Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

215. *God Our Shepherd.* WATTS.

THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass
And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

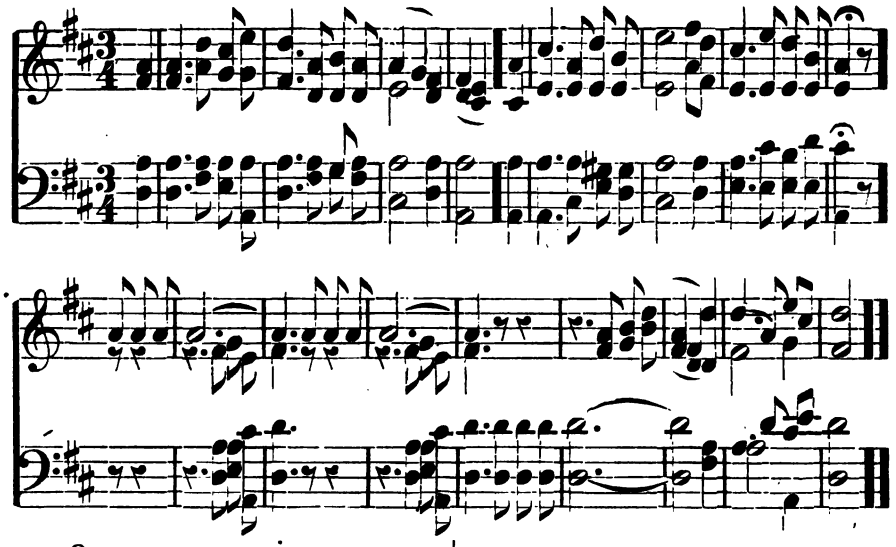
While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear:
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

216. *Religion Cheerful.* WATTS

COME, ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround the throne.
The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground
We're marching through Emanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

217. *Grace.* DODDRIDGE.

GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
That drew the wondrous plan.

Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

218. *The Seasons.* DWIGHT.

How pleasing is thy voice,
O Lord, our heavenly king,
That bids the frost retire,
And wakes the lovely spring.
The rains return, the ice distils,
And plains and hills forget to mourn.

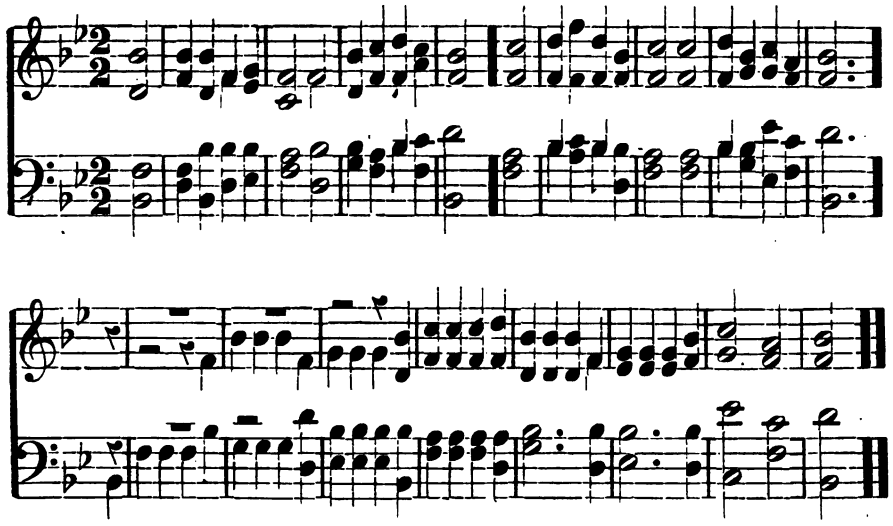
Thou mak'st the pastures green,
Thou call'st the flocks abroad;
The springing corn proclaims
The footsteps of our God:
Both bird and beast partake thy care,
And happy share the general feast.

With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms;
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides in wintry storms:
His gifts divine through all appear,
And round the year his glories shine.

219. *The Birth of Christ.* REED'S COL.

HARK! hark! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains;
Some new delight in heaven is known;
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

Bear, bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show;
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim;
Angels and men, wake every string,
It is the Savior's praise we sing!

220. *God's Word.* DODDRIDGE.

MARK the soft falling snow
And the diffusive rain:
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again,
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all her secret store.

Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By Providence divine:
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

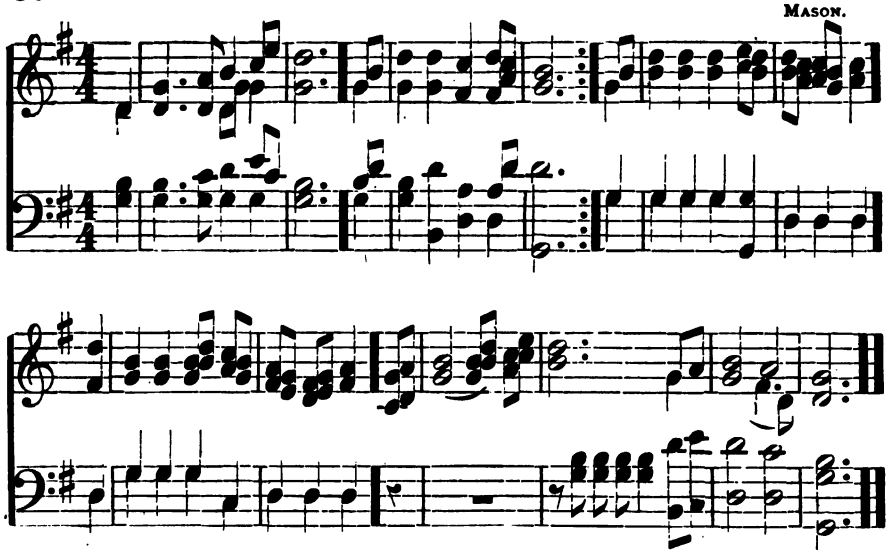
"So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more."

221. *Universal Praise.* H. BALLOU.

YE realms below the skies,
Your Maker's praises sing;
Let boundless honors rise
To heaven's eternal King;
Oh, bless his name whose love extends
Salvation to the world's far ends.

Give glory to the Lord,
Ye kindreds of the earth;
His sovereign power record,
And show his wonders forth,
Till heathen tongues his grace proclaim,
And every heart adores his name.

His praise, ye worlds on high,
Display with all your spheres,
Amid the darksome sky,
When silent night appears.
Oh, let his works declare his name
Through all the universal frame.

MASON.

222. *The Birth of Christ.* SALISBURY COL.

HARK! what celestial notes;
What melody we hear!
Soft on the morn it floats,
And fills the ravished ear.
The tuneful shell, the golden lyre,
And vocal choir, the concert swell.

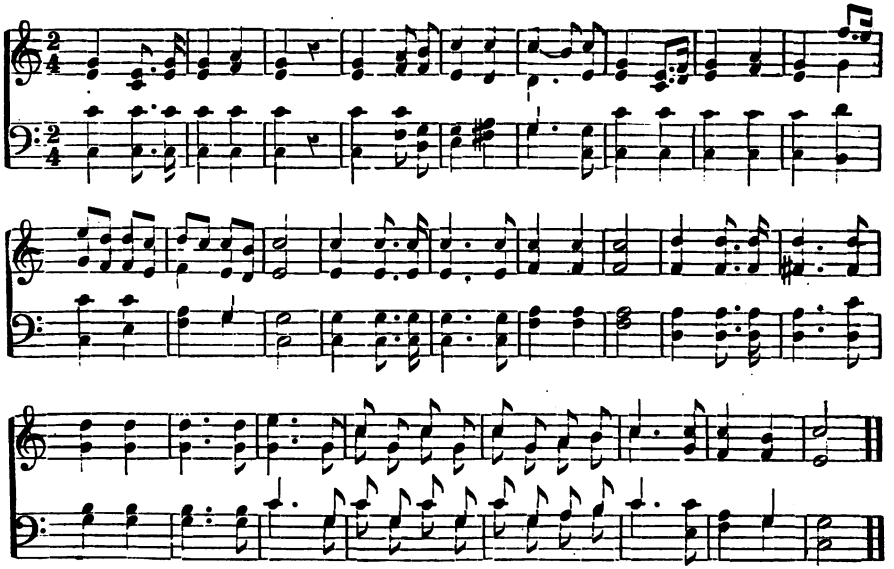
Angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine;
See, how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join!
Fear not, say they, great joy we bring:
Jesus, your King, is born to-day.

Glory to God on high!
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your rapture fly
To earth's remotest bound!
For peace on earth from God in heaven,
To man is given at Jesus' birth.

223. *Sunday Morning.* HAYWARD.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest!
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

Now may the King descend
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While we address thy face:
Oh, let us feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

224. *Safety in God.* WATTS.

To heaven I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid—
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tower to which I fly;
His grace is nigh in every hour.

My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,
To guard my head by night or noon.

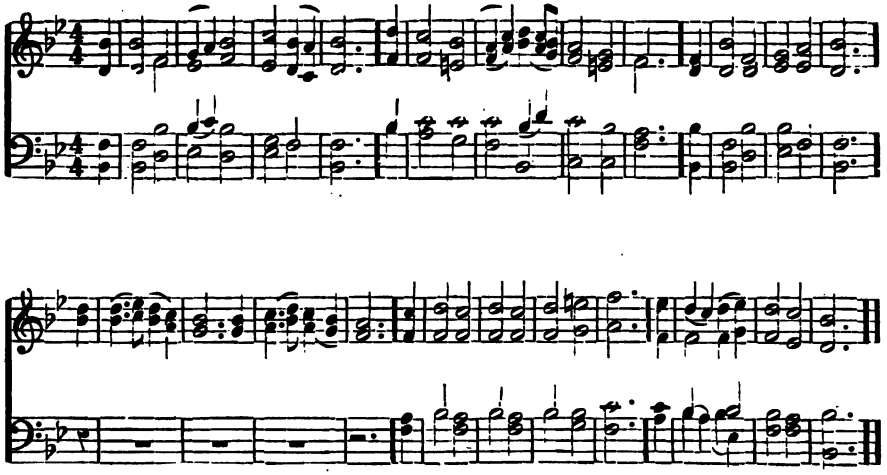
Hast thou not pledged thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust thee, Lord,
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high thou call me home.

225. *His Name alone is Excellent.* WATTS.

Ye tribes of Adam, join
With heaven and earth and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng of angels bright,
In worlds of light begin the song.

Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rul's the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare, ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly in empty air.

The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand;
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.
He spake the word, and all their frame
From chaos came to praise the Lord.

HARWOOD.

226. *Universal Praise.* OGILVIE.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.

Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies,—
Praise him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

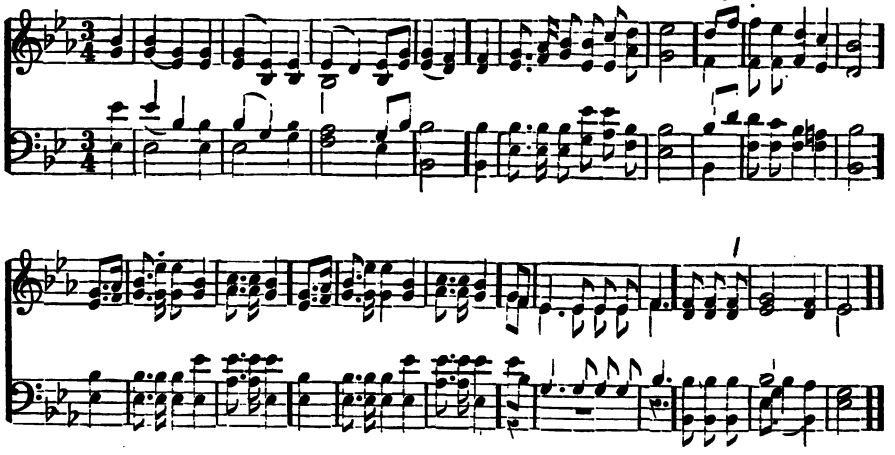
Wake, all ye soaring throng, and sing;
Ye feathered warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath in praise employ;
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heaven shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy.

227. *Power of Love.* NEWTON.

LORD, thou hast won; at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?
Love conquers even me.

If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Savior I have viewed,
And now I hate my sin.

MOZART. Arr. by MASON.

228. *God's Love.*

My God, thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And all the earth o'erflow.

'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale:
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on every vale.

But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There faith and hope direct the way
To love's resplendent, holy day,
In thy unclouded heaven.

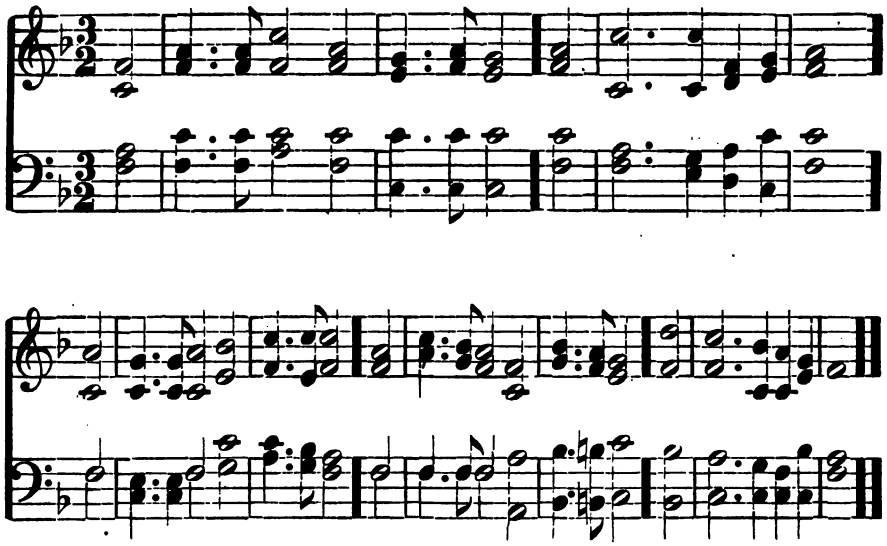
229. *Excellency of Christ.* MEDLEY.

Oh, could we speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Savior shine!
We'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

We'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

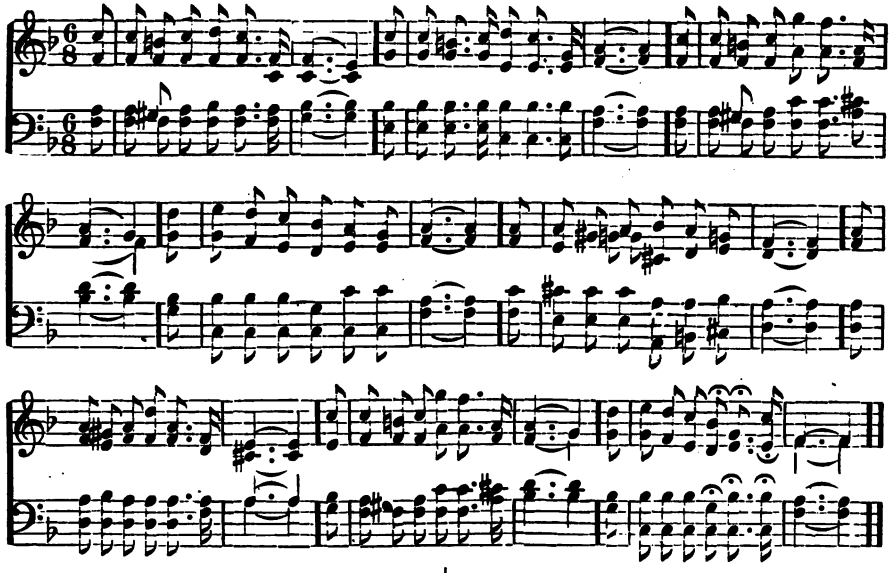
Oh, the delightful day will come,
When Christ, our Lord, will bring us home,
And we shall see his face!
Then, with our Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

WOODLAND. C. M. P.

N. D. Gould.

230. *Heaven a Rest.* Tappan.

There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found alone in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls
By sins and sorrows driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart no longer riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

231. *Thoughts of Heaven.* ANON.

WE speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its pathways of gold,
And its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there?

Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure and woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare:
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

232. *Hymn at Sea.* GOULD.

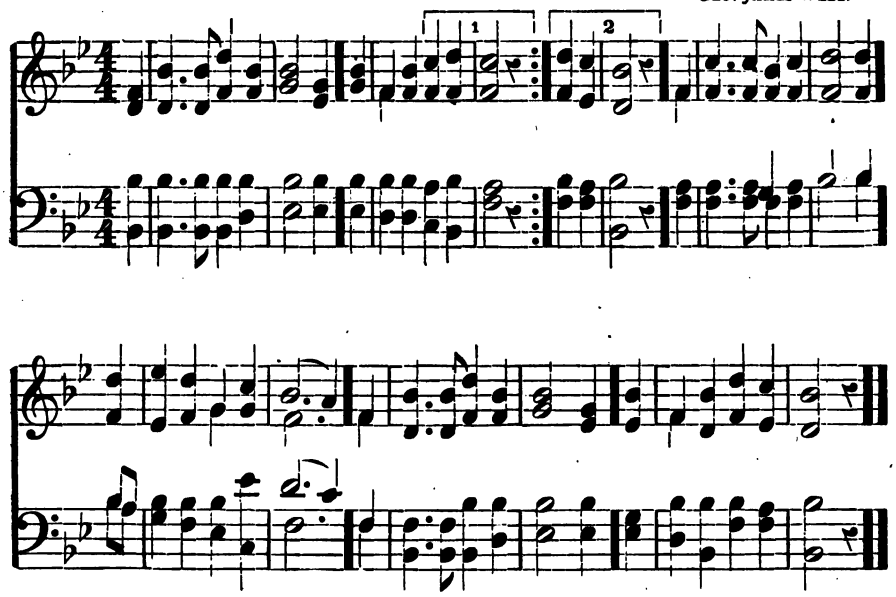
O THOU who hast spread out the skies,
And measured the depths of the sea,
'Twixt heaven and ocean shall rise
Our incense of praises to thee.

We know that thy presence is near,
While heaves our bark far from the land;
We ride o'er the deep without fear;
The waters are held in thy hand.

Eternity comes in the sound
Of billows that never can sleep!
There's Deity circling us round,
Omnipotence walks o'er the deep!

O Father, our eye is to thee,
As on for the haven we roll;
And faith in our Pilot shall be
An anchor to steady the soul.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

GEO. JAMES WEBB.

233. *The Morning Light.* S. F. SMITH.

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

234. *Heavenly Love.*

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

235. *Missionary Hymn.* Pomroy.

Where Stamboul's towers are gleaming,
With crescent lifted high,
The cross of Christ is beaming
Amid the eastern sky;
O'er Persia's lake is rising
The bright and morning star,
Which, in their hearts adoring
"The wise men" saw afar.

'Mid Afric's sands, sweet fountains
In living freshness flow;
On India's plains and mountains
The tree of life doth grow;
Old China, too, is rising,
God's mercy to adore,
And beauteous isles are shouting,
"Jesus forevermore!"

The mighty God is coming;
Lift high the sacred song;
Earth's jubilee's approaching;
The tidings roll along;
Go, spread the blissful story
Wherever man is found,
Till Jesus reigns in glory
The ransomed world around

236. *God's Care Constant.* Cowper

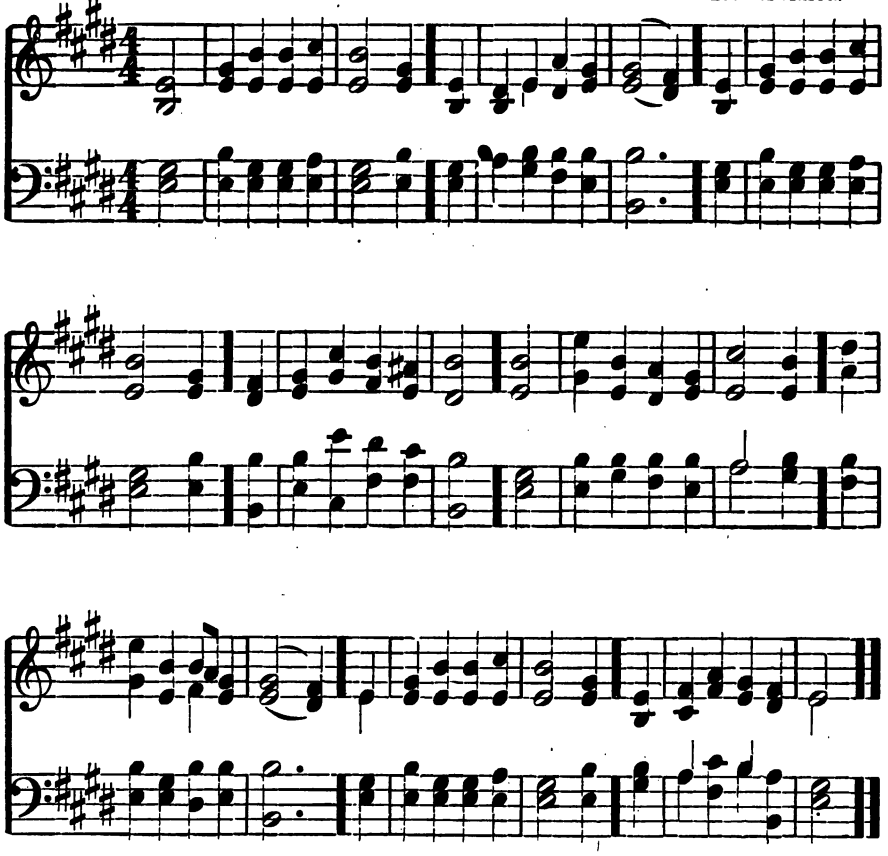
Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
"E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may."

It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

237. *Doxology.*

To thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious king of kings:
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each joyous spirit sings;
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With happy souls above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

LOWELL MASON.

238. *Reliance on God.* MONTGOMERY.

GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My light, my help is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen:
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

239. *The Missionary Hymn.* HEBER.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, recreator,
In bliss returns to reign!

240. *God's Highest Name.* MONTGOMERY.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

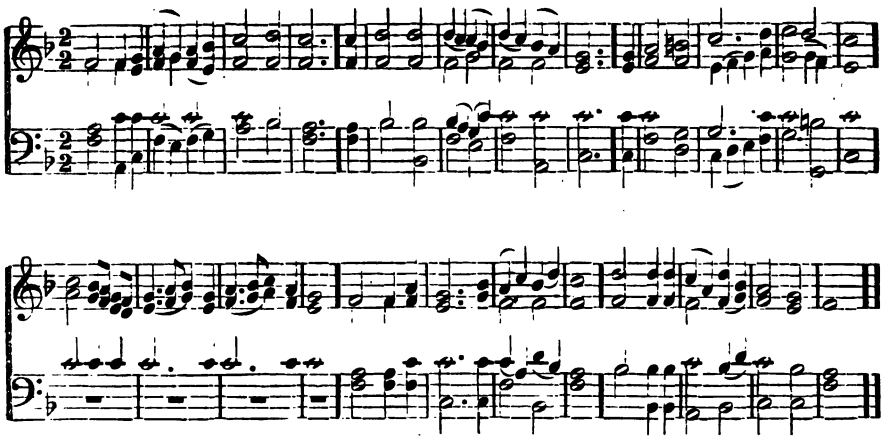
He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

He shall come down like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
That name to us is Love.

NEWCOURT. L. P. M.

H. Bond.



241. *The Heavens declare the Glory of God.*

Watts.

GREAT God, the heavens' well-ordered frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine,
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless power and skill divine.

From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice;
The sun, like a young bridegroom dressed,
Breaks from the chambers of the east.
Rolls round and makes the earth joice.

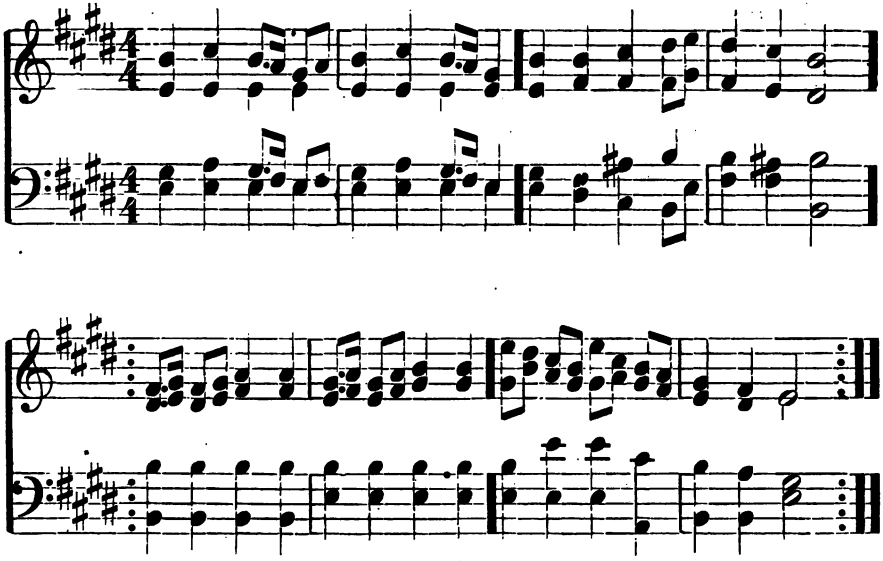
Where'er he spreads his beams abroad
He smiles and speaks his maker, God;
All nature joins to show thy praise;
Thus God in every creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

242. *His Rest shall be Glorious.*

Colesworthy.

THERE is a glorious land afar,
Beyond the brightest burning star,
Where peace interminably reigns,
Where soft and balmy breezes blow,
And golden rivers gently flow,
And gladness smiles o'er all the plains.

No grovelling thought, no treacherous smile,
No word unkind, no act of guile,
Will e'er disturb the sacred rest;
On every peaceful brow will shine
A living beauty all divine,
And love pervade the sinless breast.

Sicilian.

243. *Love Divine.* WESLEYAN.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love, thou art!
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving spirit,
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

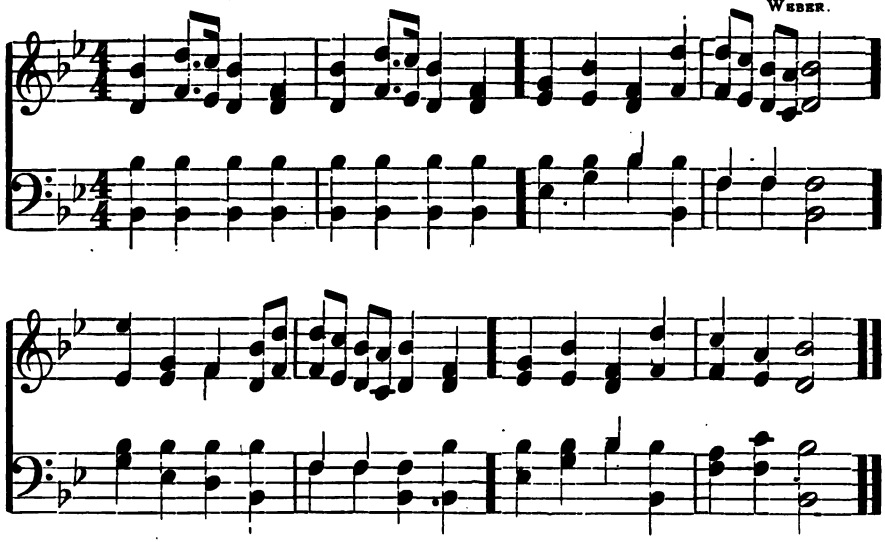
244. *Closing Hymn.* BURDER.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

WEBER.

245. *God is Love.* BOWRING.

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Every where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

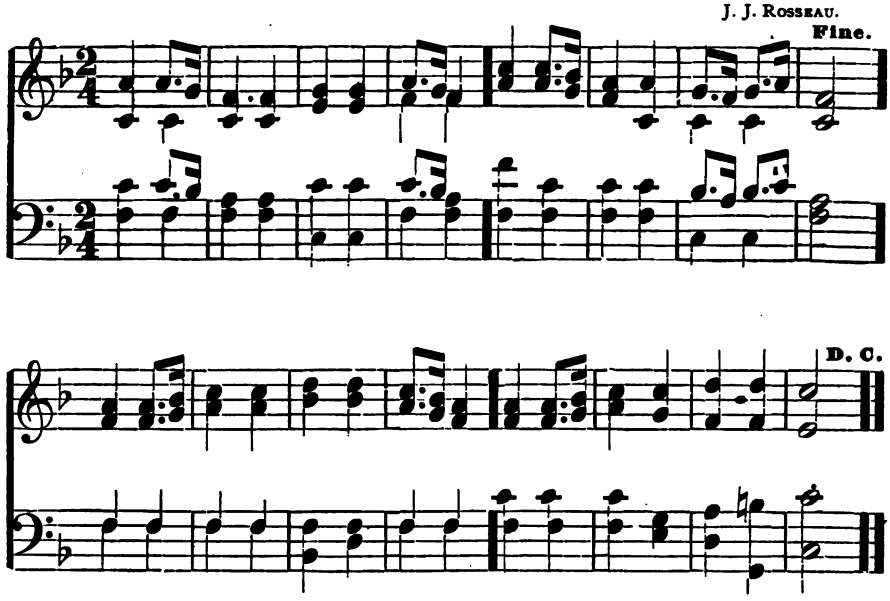
246. *Temperance Vows.* PIERPONT.

PILLOWS wet with tears of anguish,
Couches pressed in sleeplees woe,
Where the sons of Belial languish,
Father, may we never know.

For the maddening cup shall never
To our thirsting lips be pressed,
But our draught shall be forever,
The cold water thou hast blessed.

This shall give us strength to labor,
This make all our stores increase;
This, with thee and with our neighbor,
Bind us in the bonds of peace.

For the lake, the well, the river,
Water-brook and crystal spring,
Do we now, to thee, the Giver,
Thanks, our daily tribute, bring.

J. J. Rosseau.

247. *Song of the Angels.* Cawood.

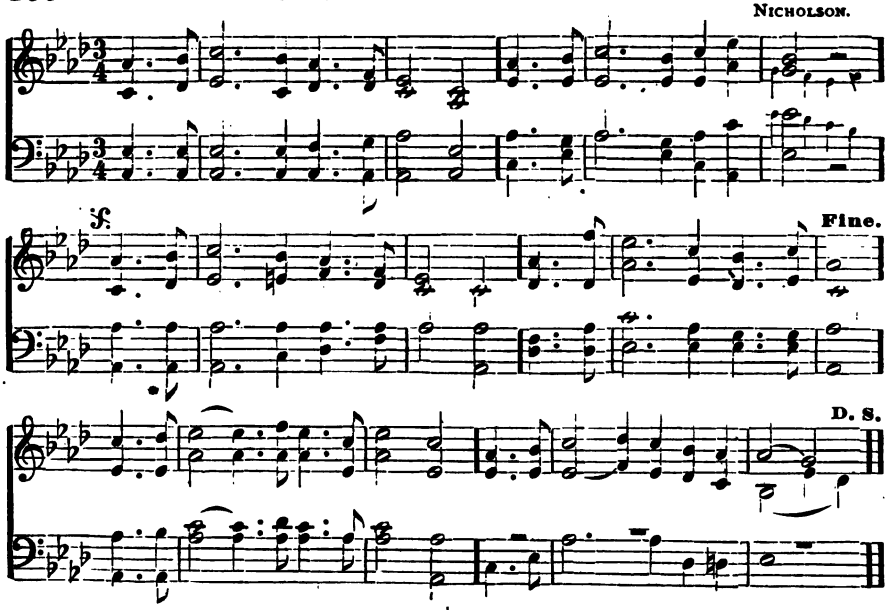
Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
"Glory in the highest; glory,
Glory be to God most high.

"Peace on earth, good-will from heav'n,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
"Christ is born, the great anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing:
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your prophet, priest, and king!

248. *The Lord will give Grace and Glory.* Taylor.

Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires:
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined;
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

NICHOLSON.

249. *Universal Praise.* FAWCETT.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator;
Praise to thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise thro' earth and heav'n,
Sound our Father's praise on high.

250. *Autumn.* HORNE.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound,—
"Men, tho' yet no losses grieve you;
Gay in health and manly grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.
"Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach, this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.
"On the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hope be stayed,
Which alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade."

251. *Divine Guidance Implored.* BICKERSTETH.

ISRAEL'S Shepherd, guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy flock, rejoicing, go.
Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly praying, I implore;
I have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

252. *Anniversary Hymn.* PIERPONT.

GOD of mercy, do thou never
From our offering turn away,
But command a blessing ever
On the memory of this day.
Light and peace do thou ordain it;
O'er it be no shadow flung,
Let no deadly darkness stain it,
And no clouds be o'er it hung.

May the song this people raises,
And its vows to thee addressed,
Mingle with the prayers and praises,
That thou hearest from the blest.
When the lips are cold that bless thee,
And the hearts that love thee dust,
Father, then our souls shall bring thee
Holier love and firmer trust.

253. *Close of the Sabbath.* PIERPONT.

Lo! the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
Yet the sun that ever shineth,
Fills our souls with heavenly light.
While, thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, with thine evening blessing
Rest we safe beneath thy wing.

254 *The Cross.* BOWRING.

IN the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

255. *Close of Communion.* EXETER COLL.

FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.
Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God thro' endless day.

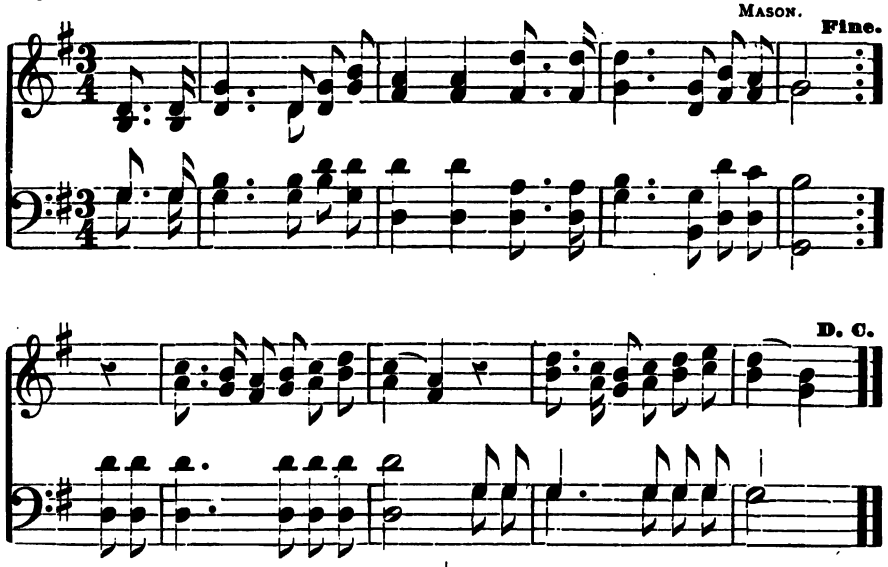
256. *Ordination* E. H. CHAPIN.

FATHER! at this altar bending, [free;
Set our hearts from world-thoughts
Prayer and praise their incense blending
May our prayers accepted be:
‖:Father, hear us,
Gently draw our souls to thee.‖:

Deign to smile upon this union
Of a pastor and a flock;
Sweet and blest be their communion:
May he sacred truths unlock,
‖:And this people
Plant their feet on Christ the Rock.‖:

Be his life a living sermon,
Be his thoughts one ceaseless prayer:
Like the dews that fell on Hermon,
Making green the foliage there,
‖:May his teachings
Drop on souls beneath his care.‖:

When his heart shall cease its motion,
All its toils and conflicts o'er:
When they for an unseen ocean,
One by one shall leave the shore;
‖:Pastor, people, there—in heaven,
May they meet to part no more.‖:

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. Double.

257. *The Darkness Hideth not from Thee.* Edmeston.

Savior, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be;
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

258. *Jesus a Friend.* Newton.

One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
‖:They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.‖:

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Savior died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
‖:This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need!‖:

Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love!
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above;
‖:But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.‖:

259. *One by One.* PROCTER.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall:
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.
One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are lent thee here below:
Take them readily when given;
Ready, too, to let them go.
Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear:
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

260. *Psalm of Life.* LONGFELLOW.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal:
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow.
Is our destined end and way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still acheiving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

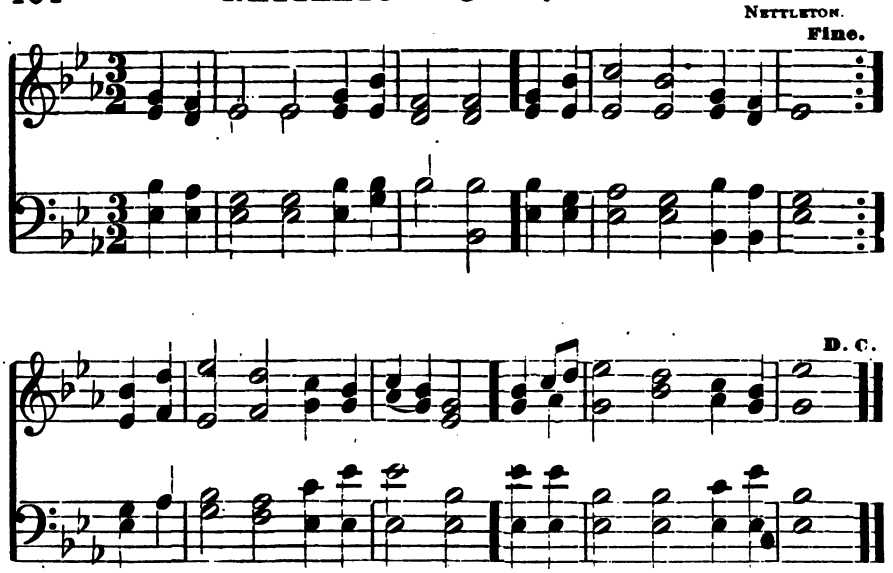
261. *The Separated are Present.*

THEY are evermore around us,
Though unseen to mortal sight,
In the golden hour of sunshine,
And in sorrow's starless night,
Deepening earth's most sacred pleasures
With the peace of sins forgiven,
Whispering to the lonely mourner
Of the painless joys of heaven.

Lovingly they come to help us,
When our faith is cold and weak,
Guiding us along the pathway,
To the blessèd home we seek:
In our hearts we hear their voices
Breathing sympathy and love;
Echoes of the spirit language
In the sinless world above.

262. *Mourners Comforted.* COLLYER.

CEASE, ye mourners! cease to languish
O'er the grave of those ye love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.
While in darkness ye are straying,
Lonely in the deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the ransomed spirit's head.

Cease, ye mourners! cease to languish
O'er the grave of those ye love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above;
Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

263. *The Heavenly Fount.* ROBINSON.

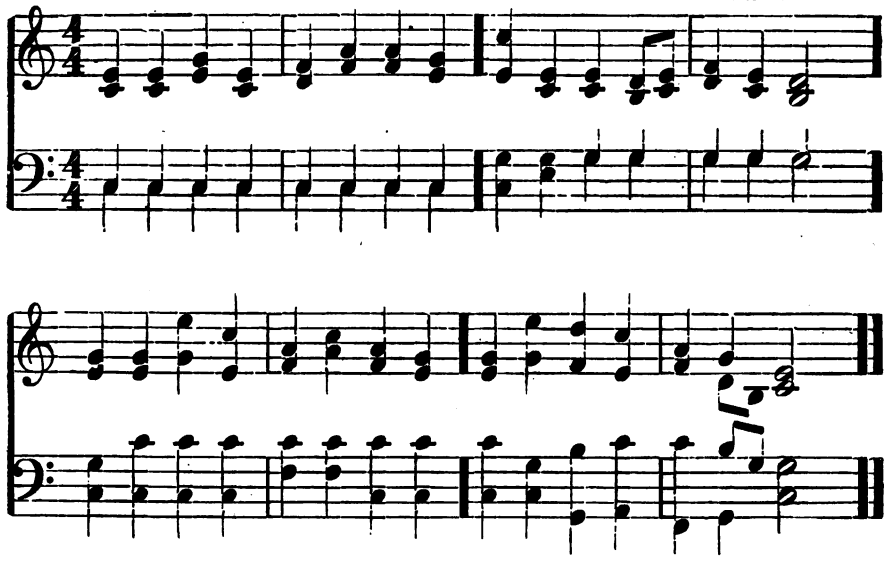
COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

264. *Lord, Lead Us!* HASTINGS.

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us,
Whereso'er through earth we range,
May not pride or fear impede us,
Nor our hope to doubting change.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death is near,
Suffer not our souls to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thy presence rest,
Where our praises shall be blended
With the anthems of the blest.

MASON.

265. *Peace be with You.* S. F. ADAMS.

PART in peace! is day before us?
Praise his name for life and light;
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless his care who guards the night.

Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

266. *The Departed.* S. F. SMITH.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

Peaceful be thy silent slumber,—
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our song shalt know.

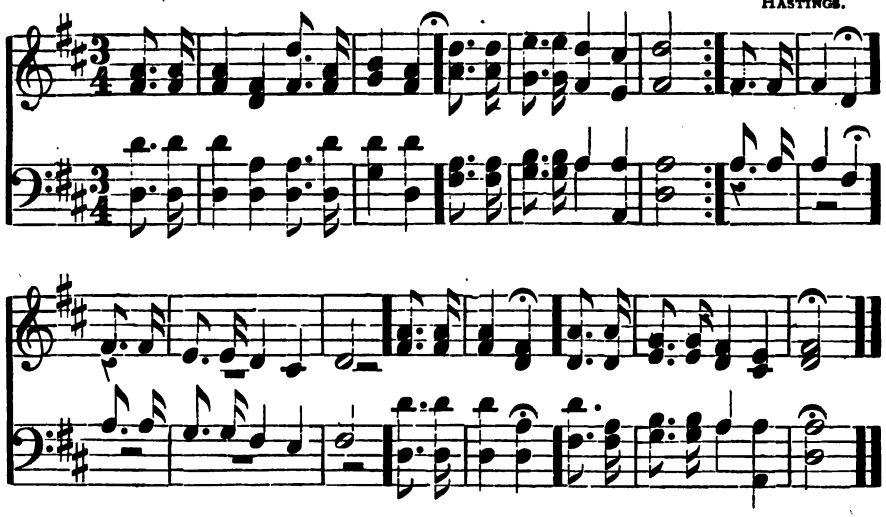
Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us;
He can all our sorrows heal.

Yet again we hope to meet thee
When the day of life is fled;
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

267. *Death of a Child.* MOIR.

FARE thee well, thou fondly cherished,
Dear, dear spirit, fare thee well:
He who lent thee hath recalled thee,
Back with him and his to dwell.

Yet while mourning, O our lost one!
Come no visions of despair;
Seated on thy tomb, Faith's angel
Saith thou art not, art not there.

HASTINGS.

268. *The Lord Comforteth His People.*

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
"For thy shame thou shalt have double;"
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

269. *The Spirit Helpeth Our Infirmities.*

RIPPON'S COLL.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

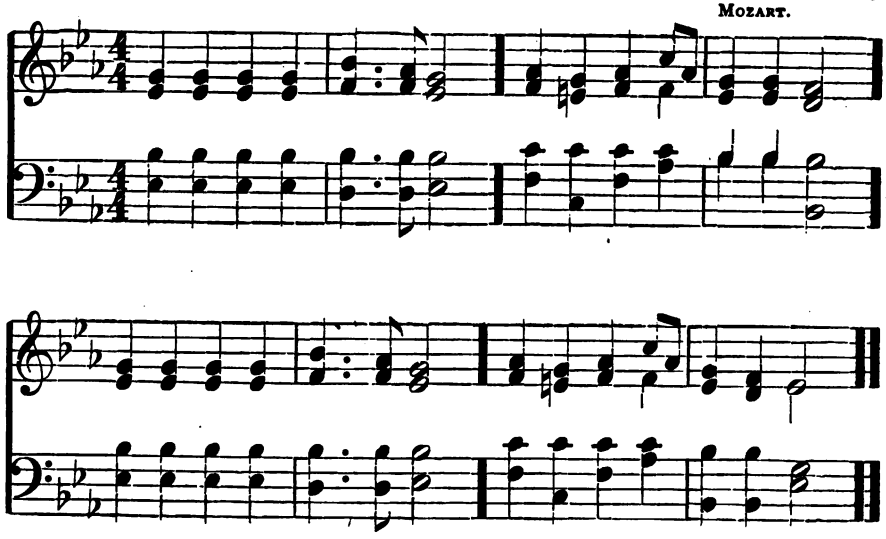
Oh, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully thy truth receive;
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

270. *God's Guidance.* OLIVER.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
am weak, and thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

MOZART.



271. *All from God.* BOWRING.

FATHER, thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide,
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied.

Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by;
Every hope thy offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

And, for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to thy gracious throne;
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn, unwearied, righteous One.

Through life's strange vicissitudes,
There reposing all my care;
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed and cheered and counselled there.

272. *Thanksgiving.* MILTON.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercy shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

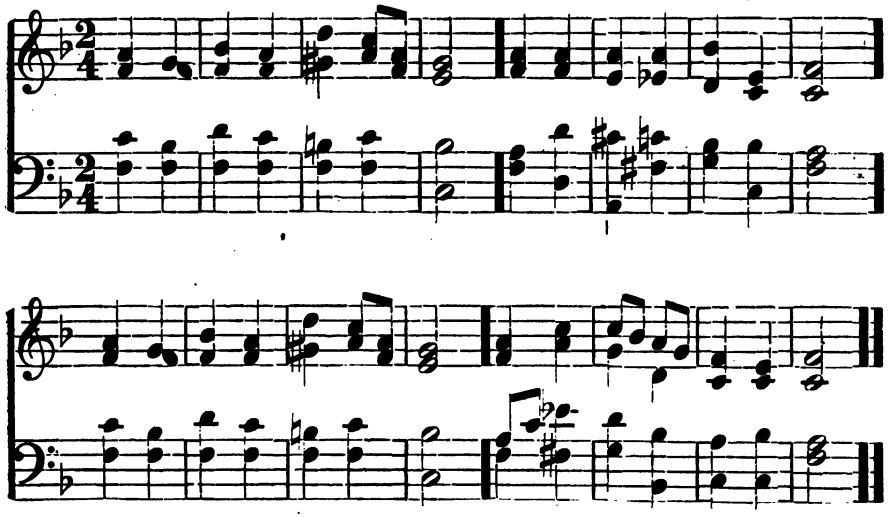
All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their meat,
For his mercy shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us, then, with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercy shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

273. *Doxology.*

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly throng,
Praise the Father in your song.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

VON WEBER. ART. by GREATOREX.

274. *A Life Hid in God.* ANON.

LET my life be hid in thee,
Life of life, and Light of light!
Love's illimitable sea!
Depth of peace, of power the height!

Let my life be hid in thee,
From vexation and annoy;
Calm in thy tranquillity,
All my mourning turned to joy.

Let my life be hid in thee,
When my strength and health shall fail,
Let thine immortality
In my dying hour prevail.

Let my life be hid in thee;
In the world, and yet above;
Hid in thine eternity,
In the ocean of thy love.

275. *A Call to Prayer.* METHODIST COLL.

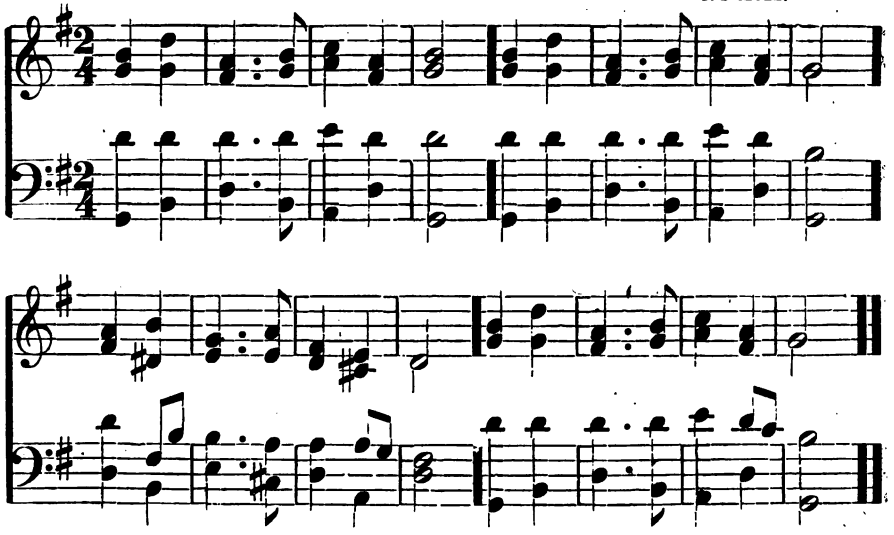
THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we love a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere:

In our sickness, in our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

276. *The Harmony of Love.* C. WESLEY.

LORD! subdue our selfish will:
Each to each our tempers suit,
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.

Sweetly on our spirits move;
Gently touch the trembling strings;
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings!

I. PLEYEL.

277. *Parting.* NEWTON.

FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present Friend.

Father, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

278. *Praise the Lord.* MERRICK.

PRAISE, oh, praise the name divine;
Praise him at the hallowed shrine;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.

All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ;
Heaven and earth the chorus join;
Praise, oh, praise the name divine.

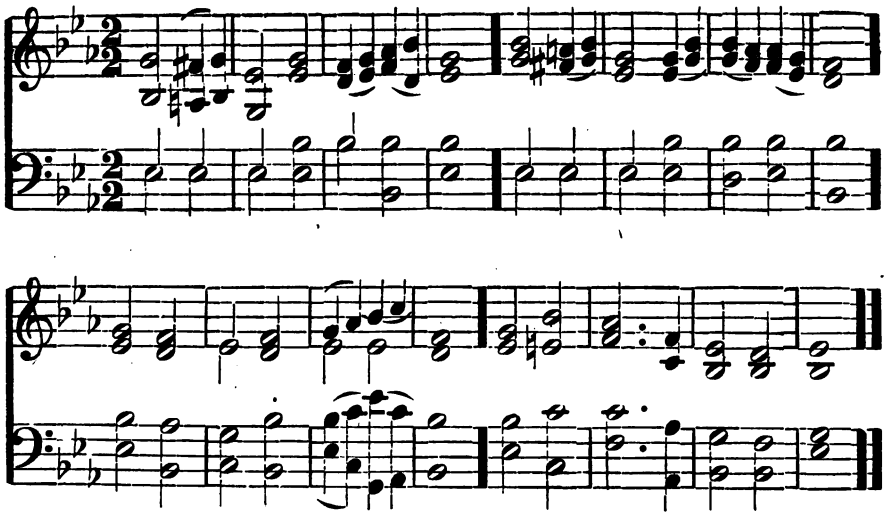
279. *Praise for the Gospel.* MONTGOMERY.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away—
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; let us delight to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

GEORGE HEWS.

280. *Sabbath Evening.* SMITH.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy sabbath's close.

281. *Hymn of Night.* FURNESS.

SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; oh, how still
Is the working of his will!

Mighty Spirit, ever nigh!
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Peace is on the world abroad:
'Tis the holy peace of God,—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

282. *The Heaven Within.* BEAUMONT.

As earth's pageant passes by
Let reflection turn thine eye
Inward, and observe thy breast;
There alone dwells solid rest.

Say not that this house is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall;
In a cleanly, sober mind,
Heaven itself full room doth find.

Th' infinite creator can
Dwell in it, and may not man?
Here, content, make thy abode
With thyself and with thy God.

283. *Evening Hymn.* ANON.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I will commune with thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within:
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

284. *Do I Love?* NEWTON.

'TIS a point I long to know,—
Oft it causes anxious thought,—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love all?

Father, let me love thee more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

285. *Closing Hymn at an Association.* H. K. WHITE.

CHRISTIANS! brethren! ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all shall meet again.

286. *Infant Baptism.* BOWRING.

DROP the limpid waters now
On the infant's sinless brow;
Dedicate th' unfolding gem
Unto him who blessed the stem.

Let our aspirations be
Innocent as infancy;
Pure the prayers that force their way,
As the child for whom we pray.

In the Christian garden we
Plant another Christian tree;
Be its blossoms and its fruit
Worthy of the Christian root.

To that garden now we bring
Waters from the living spring;
Bless the tree, the waters bless,
Holy One, with holiness.

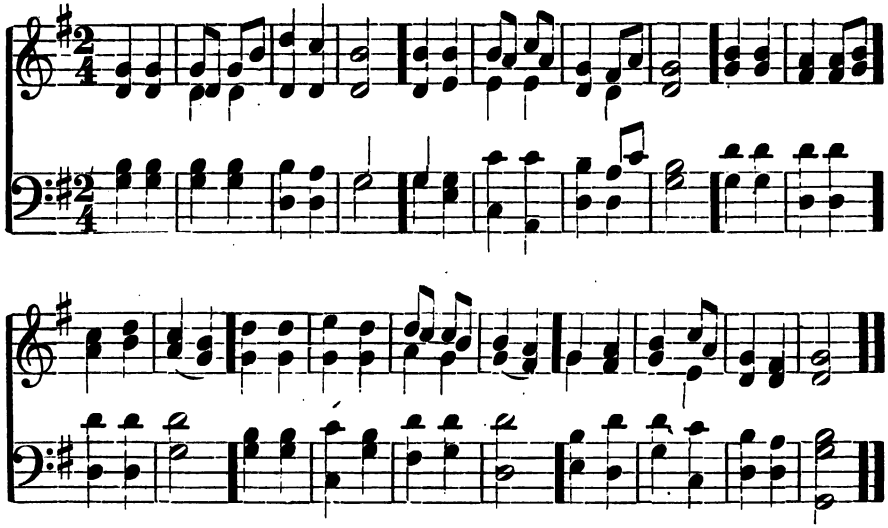
287. *Striving for the Faith.* WESLEYAN.

PARTNERS of a glorious hope!
Lift your hearts and voices up;
Nobly let us bear the strife,
Keep the holiness, of life.

Still forget the things behind,
Follow God in heart and mind,
To the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

In our lives our faith be known,
Faith by holy actions shown;
Faith that mountains can remove,
Faith that always works by love.

HENDON. 7s.

C. H. A. MALAN.

288. *Give Us Our Daily Bread.* COWPER.

DAY by day the manna fell:
Oh, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

Day by day, the promise reads,
"Daily strength for daily needs·
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day."

289. *Acceptable Offerings.* J. TAYLOR.

LORD! what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow:

Willing hands, to lead the blind;
Heal the wounded, feed the poor,
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store.

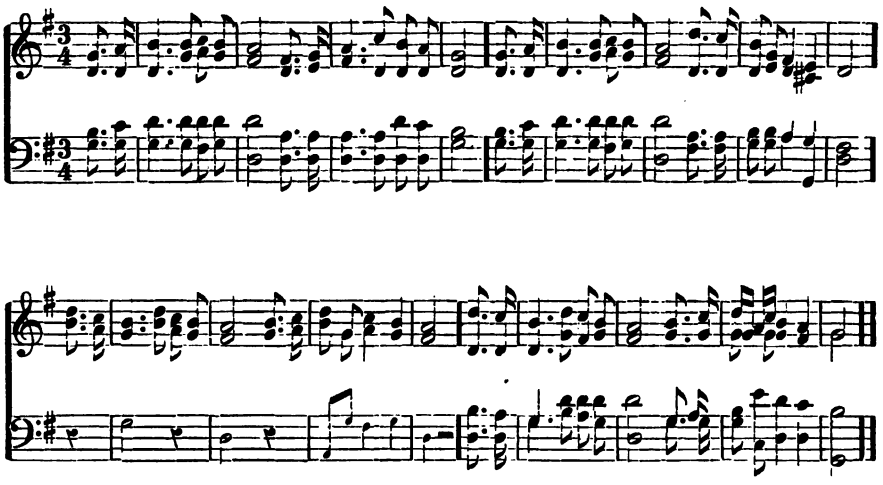
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

290. *Humble Offerings.* BOWRING.

WHEN before thy throne we kneel,
Filled with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God, to feel
All thy sacred presence near.

Check each proud and wandering tho't,
When on thy great name we call;
Man is nought—is less than nought—
Thou, our God, art all in all.

Oh, receive the praise that dares
Seek thy heaven-exalted throne;
Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
Infinite and Holy One!

LOWELL MASON.

291. *The Sabbath.* NEWTON.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way:
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day,—
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

While we seek supplies of grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face;
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee!

Here we come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear!
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

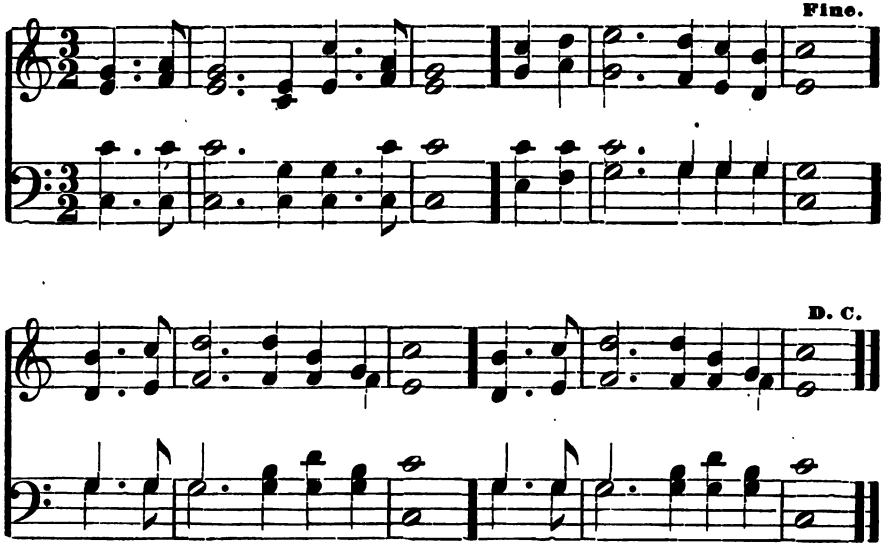
292. *Who shall Abide in Thy Tabernacle?* MERRICK.

WHO shall towards thy chosen seat
Turn, O Lord, his favored feet?
Who shall at thine altar bend?
Who shall Zion's hill ascend?
Who, great God, a welcome guest,
On thy holy mountain rest?

He whose heart thy love has warmed;
He whose will to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He whose word and thought are one
Who, from sin's contagion free
Lifts his willing soul to thee.

He who thus, with heart unstained,
Treads the path by thee ordained,
He shall towards thy chosen seat
Turn, O Lord, his favored feet;
He thy ceaseless care shall prove,
He shall share thy constant love.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

HASTINGS.

293. *Rock of Ages.* TOPLADY.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Signify of sin the cure:
Cleanse me by thy love and power.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
I to thee, the fountain fly;
Wash me in thy purity.

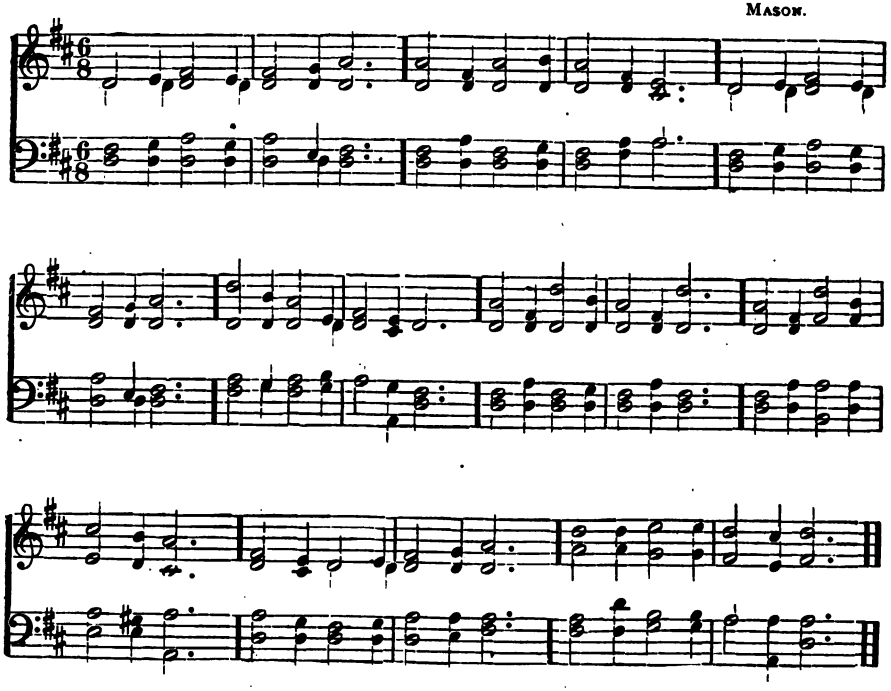
294. *Glory of the Church.*

ON thy church, O Power Divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine;
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons, from zone to zone,
Make thy great salvation known.

Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

295. *Doxology.*

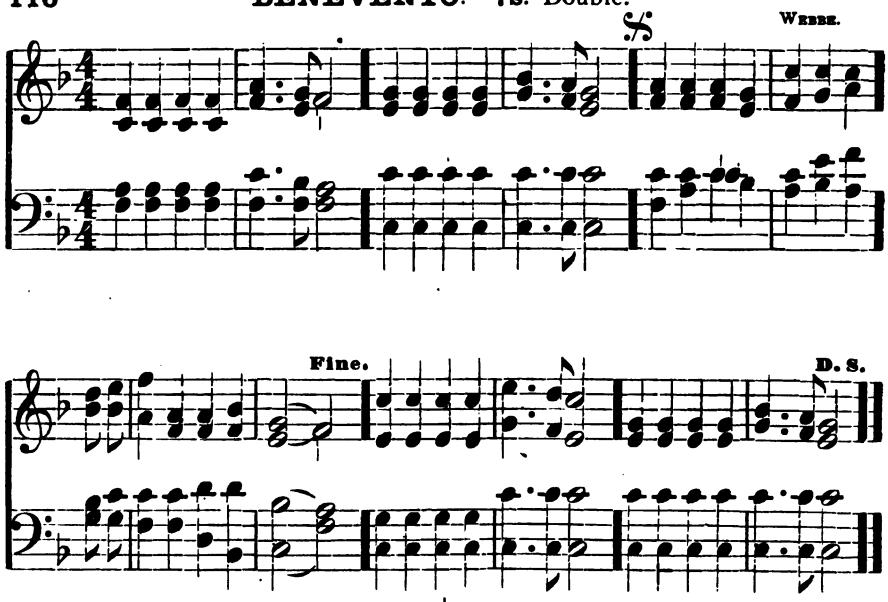
PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly throng,
Praise the Father in your song!
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

MASON.

296. *What of the Night?* BOWRING.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are!
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveler, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends!
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends!
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn!
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn:
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

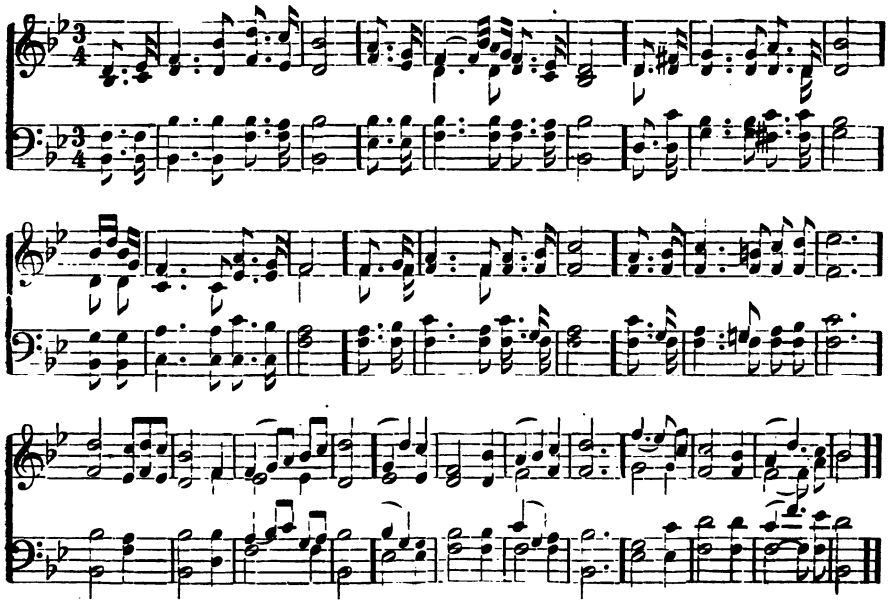
BENEVENTO. 7s. Double.

297. *The New Year.* Newton.

While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Savior's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

298. *House of Prayer.* Hymns of the Spirit.

In this peaceful house of prayer,
Stronger faith, O God, we seek;
Here we bring each earthly care,
Thou the strengthening message speak.
In our greatest trials we,
Calm, thro' thee, the way have trod:
In the smallest, may we feel
Thou art still our Helper-God!

Of thy presence and thy love
We more steadfast feeling need,
Till the high and holy thought
Hallow every simplest deed.
In our work and in our homes
Christian men we fain would be;
Learn how daily life affords
Noblest opportunity.

299. *Invocation.* HEDGE.

SOVEREIGN and transforming grace!
We invoke thy quickening power;
Reign, the spirit of this place;
Bless the purpose of this hour.
Holy and creative Light!
We invoke thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.

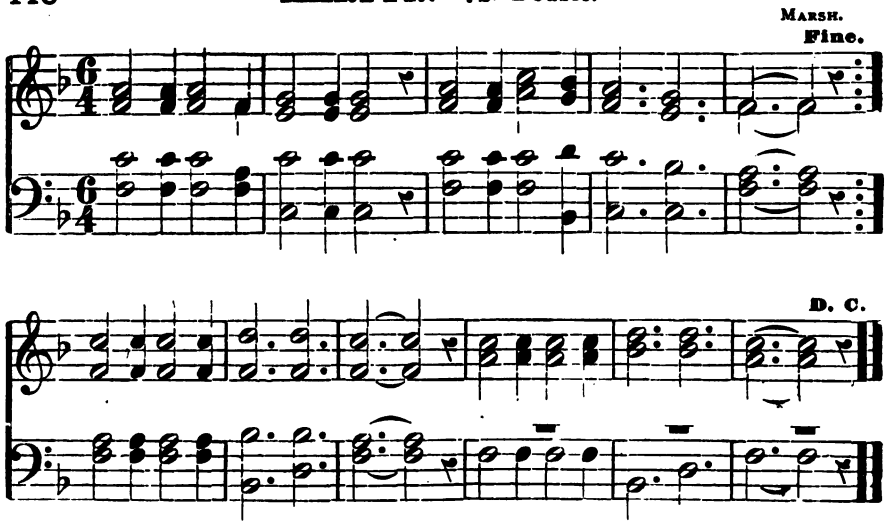
Give the struggling peace for strife,
Give the doubting light for gloom;
Speed the living into life,
Warn the dying of their doom.
Work in all; in all renew
Day by day the life divine;
All our wills to thee subdue,
All our hearts to thee incline!

300. *Heavenly Love.*

LET us sing the praise of love,
Holy Spirit, from above,
Bringing on its blessed wings
Life to all created things;
Watching with its starry eyes
From the blue of boundless skies,
Mindful of the sparrow's fall,
Heeding when the lowly call.

Let us sing the praise of love
Everywhere, around, above;
How its blessed sunshine lies
In the light of loving eyes!
And when words are all too weak
How its deeds of mercy speak!
They who learn to love aright,
Pass from darkness into light.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.



301. *Jesus a Refuge.* Chas. Wesley.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

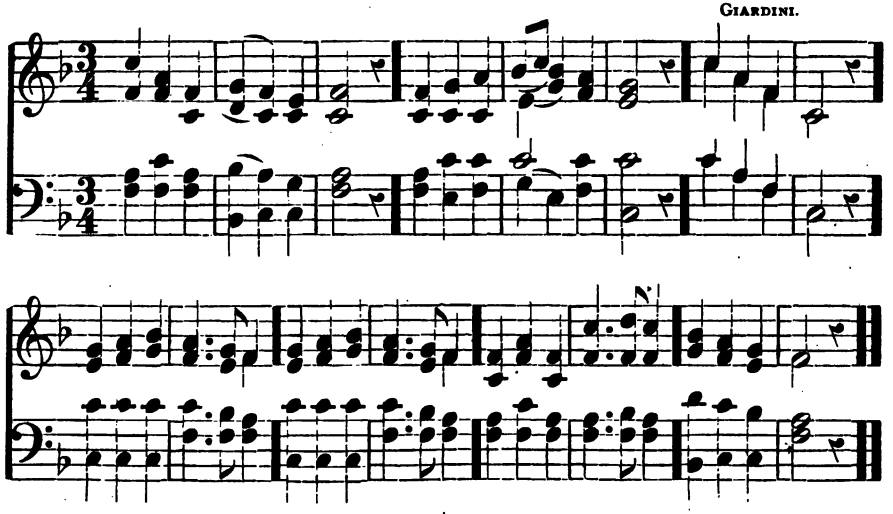
Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

Jesus, thou art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Thou of life the fountain art;
May I ne'er depart from thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Evermore my portion be.

302. *Invitation of Jesus.* Anna L. Barbauld.

Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,—
Come, and make my paths your choice,
I will guide you to your home:
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,—
Here repose your heavy care:
A wounded spirit who can bear?
Sinner, come; for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

GIARDINI.

303. *Invocation.* CHAS WESLEY.

COME, thou almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing;
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

Come, thou all-gracious Lord,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy children bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend.

Never from us depart;
Rule thou in every heart,
Hence, evermore.
Thy sov'reign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

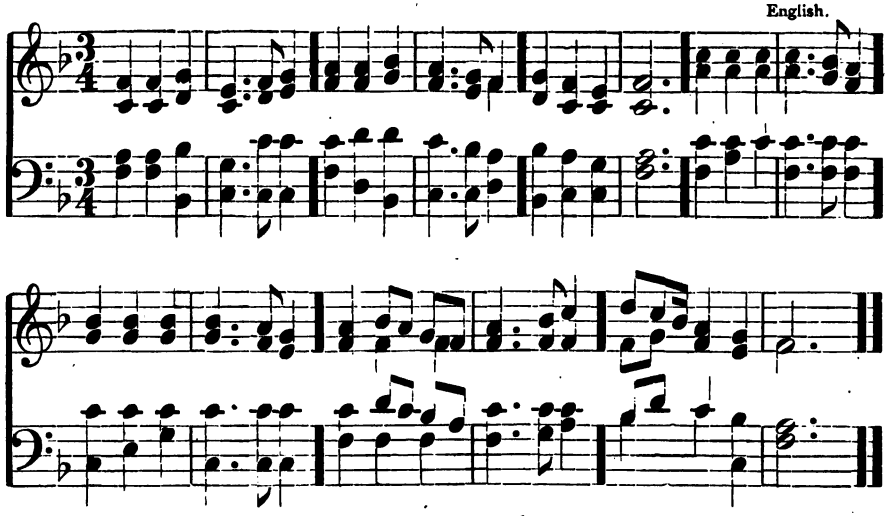
304. *Let There Be Light.* MARRIOTT.

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight!
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And, where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight!
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

Descend thou from above,
Spirit of truth and love,
Speed on thy flight!
Move o'er the waters' face,
Spirit of hope and grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

English.

305. *National Anthem.* S. F. Smith.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

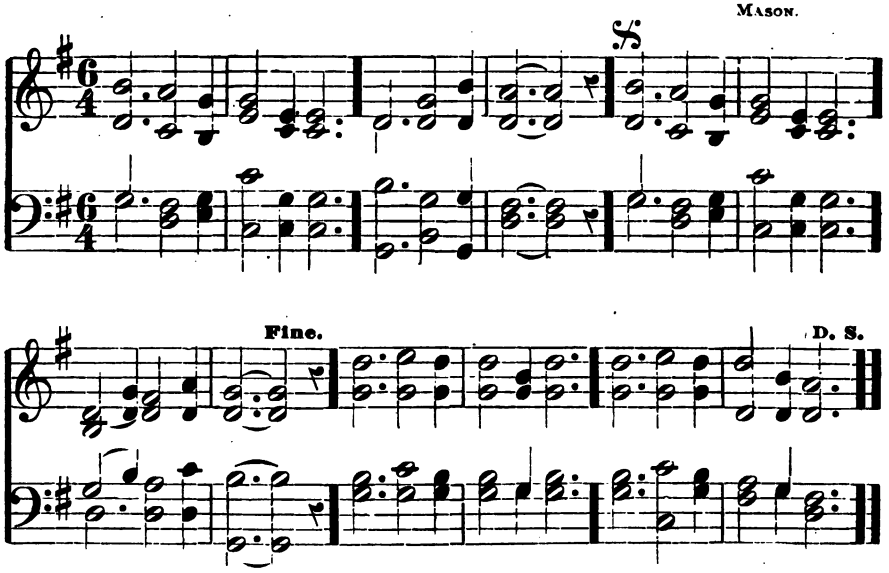
Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our king!

306. *Universal Praise.* Goode.

Praise ye Jehovah's name,
Praise through his courts proclaim,
Rise and adore:
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as his fame:
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

While his high praise ye sing,
Shake ev'ry sounding string;
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows
His noblest fame disclose;
Praise ye the Lord!

MASON.

307. *Nearness to God.* SARAH F. ADAMS.

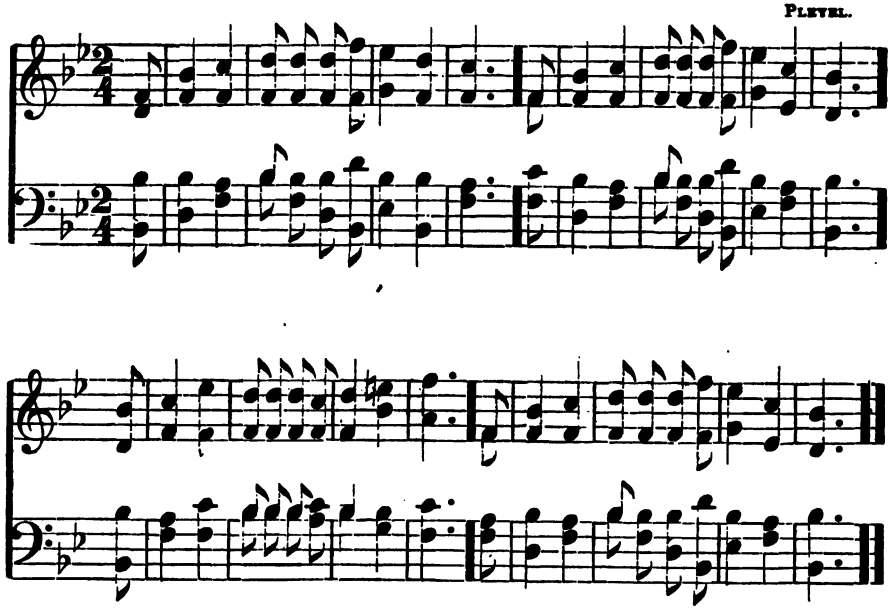
NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be;
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

PLEYEL.

308. *Ordination.* J. W. HANSON.

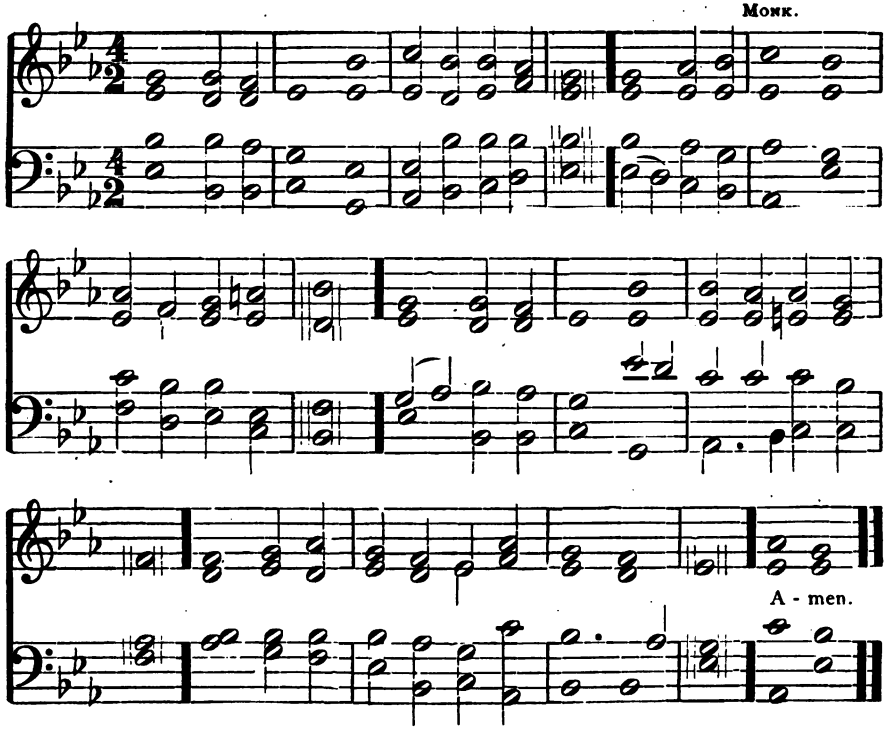
DEAR God, we pray thy sanction and thine aid
To crown our brother for his holy toil!
Wreathe heaven's fadeless haloes round his head!
Anoint his head with chrism of holy oil!

If he shall walk thro' Salem's golden streets,
Or if in Nazareth his home shall be,
Or the dark cross in Golgotha he meets,
Or bows his head in sad Gethsemane,

Oh, watch and guard and cherish and defend!
Strengthen his arm for all his sacred strife!
Bear up his spirit till his labors end,
And crown his soul with thine eternal life!

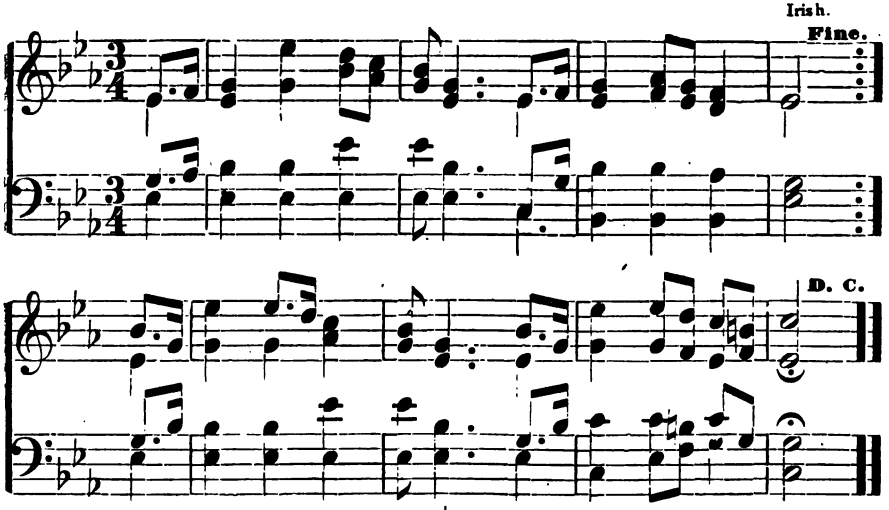
309. *God the Origin and End.* DR. JOHNSON.

O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.

'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From thee, great God, we spring; to thee we tend;
Path, motive, guide, original and end.

310. *An Evening Prayer.* Lyte.

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

311. *The Trials of Jesus.*

THOU soft gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream [light's pale beam
Our Savior at midnight, when moon-
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray, [the day.
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of

How damp were the vapors that fell on his head! [his bed!
How hard was his pillow, how humble
The angels, astonished, beheld the sad sight, [emn delight.
And watched o'er the Savior with sol-

O garden of Olives, thou dear, honored spot, [forgot;
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be
The theme most transporting to seraphs above, [of love!
The triumph of sorrow—the triumph

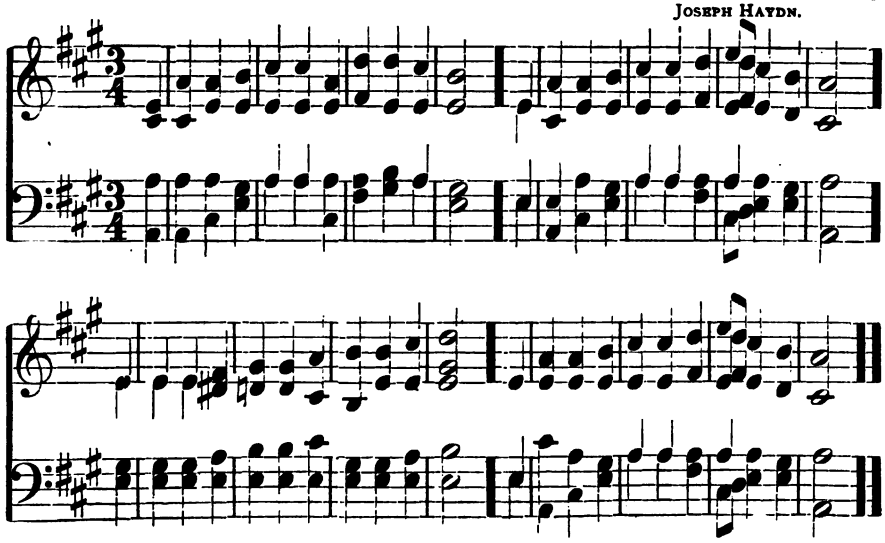
Oh, come and behold him! come bow at his feet! [is meet!
Oh, give him the glory, the praise that
Let joyful hosannas unceasingly rise,
To join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!

312. *Mourn Not.*

OH, why should we mourn when the summons of death [breath?
Requires the frail mortal to yield up his
Oh, why, when our loved ones are called to depart, [the lone heart?
Say why, then, should sorrow oppress

And why, when we view the pale corse of our friend, [to rend?
Should sorrow oppress us, our bosoms
When we feel, when we *know* that a meeting above, [love?
Shall be ours in the mansions of infinite

Nay, should we not rather be glad of decay, [away?
Since earth and its pleasures are passing
When true hearts have withered, and fond ones have flown, [alone?
Oh, who would inhabit this bleak world

JOSEPH HAYDN.

313. *Glad Worship.* OSGOOD.

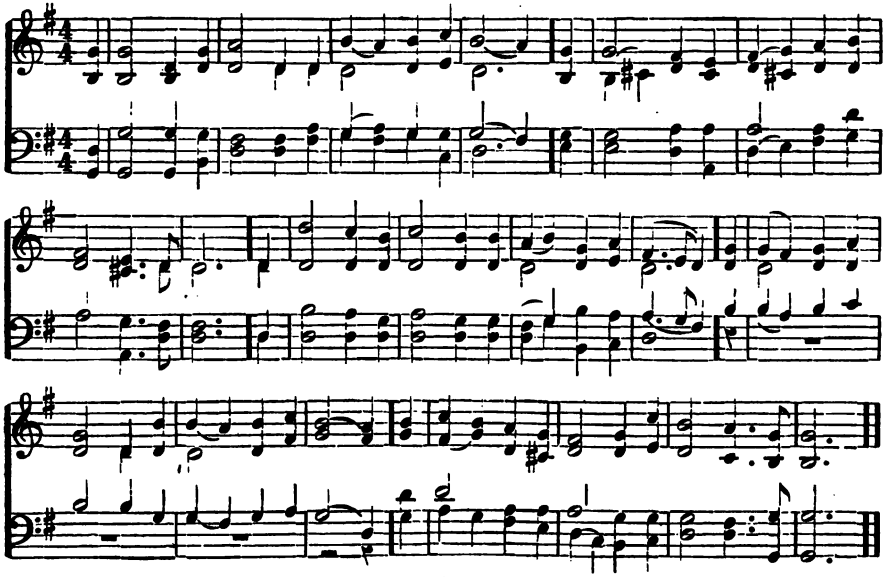
APPROACH not the altar with gloom in thy soul,
Nor let thy foot falter from terror's control:
God loves not the sadness of fear and mistrust;
Oh, serve him with gladness,—the loving and just!

His bounty is tender, his being is love;
His smile fills with splendor the blue arch above:
Confiding, believing, oh, enter always
His courts with thanksgiving, his portals with praise!

314. *Acquaint Thee with God.* KNOX.

ACQUAINT thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road,
And peace, like the dew, shall descend round thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

Acquaint thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

READING.

315. *God Our Shepherd and Guardian.*

THE Lord is our shepherd, our guardian and guide;
His care and protection his flock will surround;
To them will his mercies forever abound.

The Lord is our shepherd; what, then, shall we fear?
Whatever we want he will kindly provide:
Shall danger affrighten us while he is near?
Oh, no: when he calls us we'll walk thro' the vale,
The shadow of death, but our hearts shall not fail.

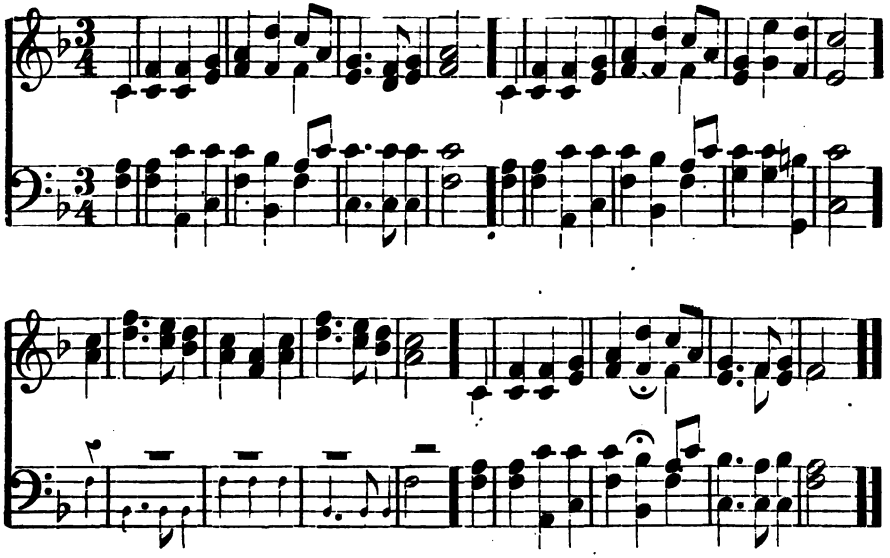
Afraid of ourselves, to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay;
We know by thy guidance, when once it is past,
To life and to glory it brings us at last.

316. *Man's Restoration.*

How charmingly sounds the word of the Lord,
Where witness abounds that man is restored!
How rich our possession in glory shall be,
From sin and pollution forever set free!

With joy we record the truth and the grace,
Of Jesus our Lord, to all of our race.
Enjoying his spirit, the spirit of love,
Mankind shall inherit his blessing above.

The record is true, and witness is given,
Our hearts to imbue with graces of heaven.
Oh, may our devotion in purity flow,
And every emotion with gratitude glow.

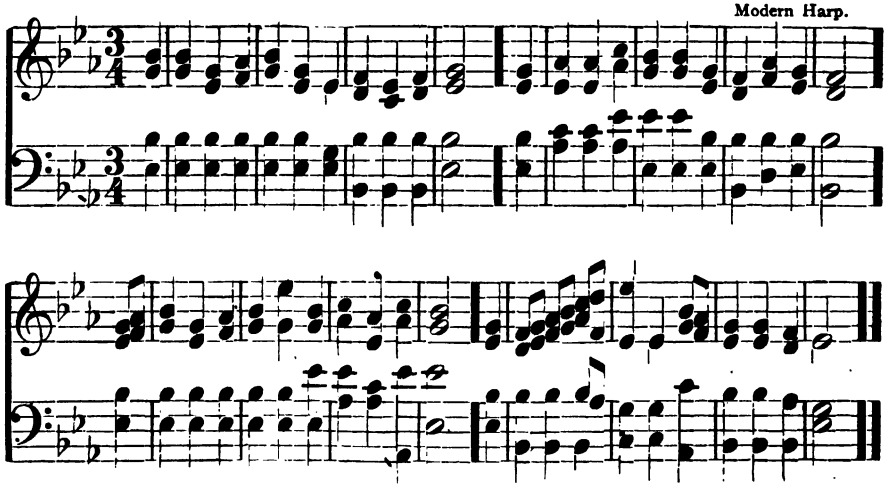
GEO. KINGSLEY.

317. *I Would Not Live Alway.* MUHLENBERG.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Suffice for life's woes, are enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway thus fettered by sin—
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
The cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

The souls of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
There anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

Modern Harp.

318. *Ministering Spirits.*

How dear is the thought that the angels of God
May bow their bright wings to the world they once trod;
'Tis the sweetest delight of the mansions above
To bear to some bosom God's message of love!

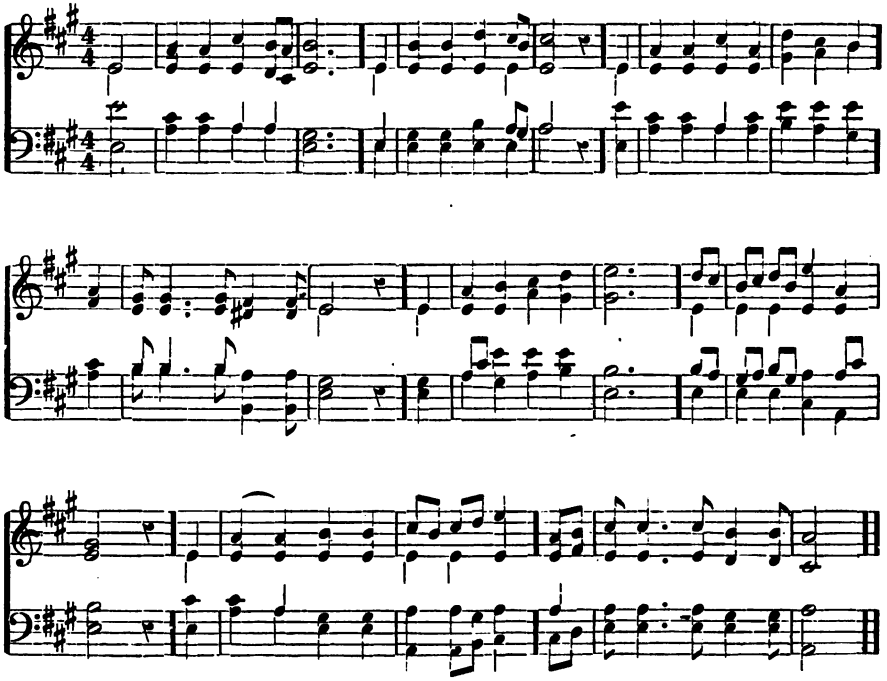
Oh, the outward is gone, but in moments serene
Comes the sense of a presence, unheard and unseen:
High promptings of duty, sweet breathings of peace,
Show the soul's deep communion shall nevermore cease.

They come when we wander, they come when we pray,
To warn and to guard us whenever we stray:
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given;
Encircling us ever—these spirits of heaven.

319. *The Living Dead.* FIELDS.

FORGET not the dead, who have loved, who have left us
Who bend o'er us now from their bright homes above;
But believe, never doubt, that the God who bereft us
Permits them to mingle with friends they still love.

Repeat their fond words, all their noble deeds cherish;
Speak pleasantly of them who left us in tears:
Other joys may be lost, but their names shall not perish,
While time bears our feet through the valley of fears.

GEORGE COLES.

320. *Nearer Home.* PHŒBE CARY.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer to my home to-day,
Than ever I've been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer to the great white throne,
And nearer the jasper sea.

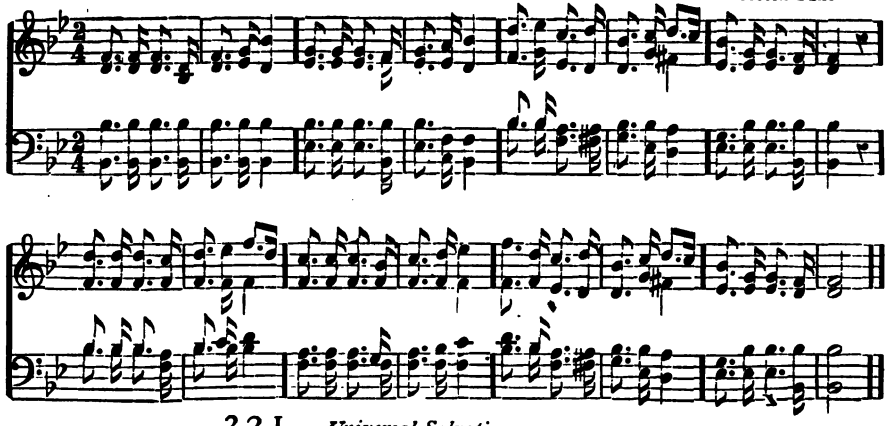
Nearer the bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down;
I'm nearer leaving the cross,
And nearer wearing the crown.

But lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
In silence that unknown stream
Is bearing us to the light.

Perhaps my weary feet
Now tread upon its brink;
And I may be nearer my home,
Than even now I think.

Father, perfect my trust;
Strengthen my feeble faith;
Oh, bear me triumphantly o'er
The solemn river of death.

Scotch Tune.

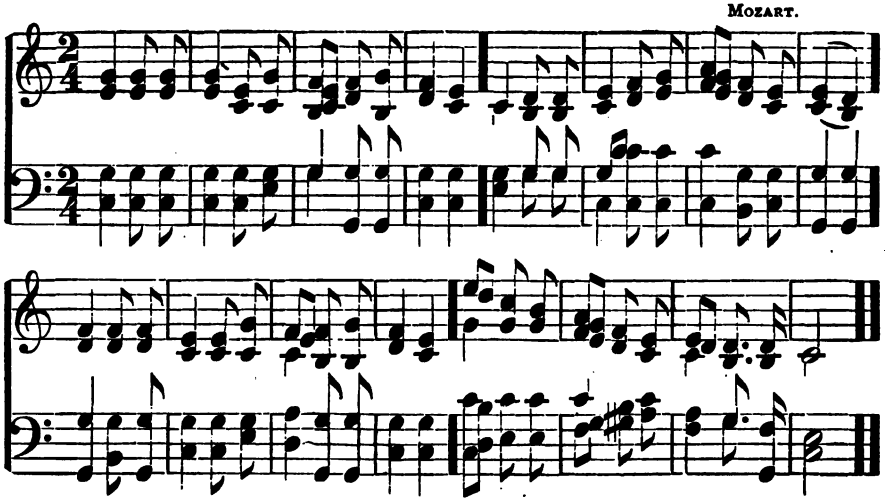


321. *Universal Salvation.* THOMAS.

THOU, whose wide extended sway
Suns and systems e'er obey!
Thou, our Guardian and our Stay,
Evermore adored:
In prospective, Lord, we see
Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
Reconciled in Christ to thee,
Holy, Holy Lord.

Thou by all shalt be confessed,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
When to thy eternal rest,
In the courts above,
Thou shalt bring the sore oppressed;
Fill each joy-desiring breast;
Make of each a welcome guest,
At the feast of love.

When destroying death shall die,
Hushed be every rising sigh,
Tears be wiped from every eye,
Never more to fall;
Then shall praises fill the sky,
And angelic hosts shall cry,
Holy, Holy Lord, Most High,
Thou art all in all.

MOZART.

322. *Star of the East.* HEBER.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East—the horizon adorning,—
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels bend o'er him, in slumber reclining,—
Monarch, redeemer, restorer of all.

Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East—the horizon adorning—
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

323 *Public Adoration.*

WATTS.

[All Saints, p. 11. L. M.]

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy!
Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

324 *Morning.*

KEN.

[Hebron, p. 16. L. M.]

ALL praise to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant Lord when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake!

Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of tho't and will,
And with thyself my being fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite.
Praise God, etc.

325 *Burial of a Christian.*

WATTS.

[Wells, p. 10. L. M.]

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in thy dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

So Jesus slept; God's dying son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed;
Then rest, dear saint, for from his throne
Morning shall break, and pierce the shade.

Hail! glorious resurrection morn!
Attend, O earth, thy sovereign's word!
Not earthly dust, but souls new-born,
Shall live forever with the Lord!

326 *Evening Song.*

MASON.

[Balerma. p. 60. C. M.]

Now from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

New time, new favors, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would
Accept our heart's desire.

327 *Evening.*

KEN.

[Hebron, p. 16. L. M.]

ALL praise to thee my God this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done,—
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Anticipate heaven's glorious day.

O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

Praise God, etc.

328 *The Image of the Invisible God.*

MASON.

[Duke Street, p. 14. L. M.]

THOU, Lord! by mortal eyes unseen,
And by thine offspring here unknown,
To manifest thyself to men,
Hast set thine image in thy Son.

Though Jews, who granted not his claim,
Contemptuous turned away their face,
Yet those who trusted in his name
Beheld in him thy truth and grace.

O thou! at whose almighty word
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.

While we, thine image there displayed,
With love and admiration view;
Form us in likeness to our Head,
That we may bear thine image, too!

329 *Temperance Anniversary.*

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

[Hebron, p. 16. L. M.]

WE praise thee, if one rescued soul,
While the past year prolonged its flight,
Turned, shuddering, from the poisonous bowl,
To health, and liberty, and light.

We praise thee, if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pined,
Beheld the sire and husband come
Erect and in his perfect mind.

No more a weeping wife to mock,
Till all her hopes in anguish end;
No more the trembling child to shock,
And sink the father in the fiend.

Still give us grace, almighty King!
Unwavering at our posts to stand,
Till grateful to thy shrine we bring
The tribute of a ransomed land!

330 *Every Good Gift from the Father.*

BRYANT.

[Rest, p. 13. L. M.]

FATHER, to thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes!

Giver of sunshine and of rain!
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain!
Fountain of light, that, rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star!

Yet deem we not that thus alone,
Thy mercy and thy love are shown;
For we have learned, with higher praise,
And holier names, to speak thy ways.

In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay!
Sole trust when life shall pass away!
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb!

331 *Beauty of Christ.*

[Benevento, p. 116. 7's M.]

EARTH has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty source and spring.

When the morning paints the skies,—
When the golden sunbeams rise,—
Then my Savior's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

When the day-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light,—
Think how bright that light will be
Shining through eternity!

Come, Lord Jesus! and dispel
This dark cloud in which I dwell,
And to me the power impart
To behold thee as thou art!

332 *Jesus a Sun.*

KEBLE.

[Missionary Chant, p. 15. L. M.]

SUN of my soul! thou Savior dear!
It is not night if thou be near!
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
Be my last thoughts—how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above!

333 *Home.*

DENHAM.

["Sweet Home."]

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of heaven there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Home, home, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven, my home.

Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease;
Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

I sigh from this body of mine to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Tho' now my temptations, like billows, may frown,
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.

While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh, give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home!

334 *Walking with God.*

COWPER.

[Balerma, p. 60. C. M.]

OH, for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!

But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast!

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee!

335 *There Is No Death.*

BULWER LYTTON.

[Ernan, p. 22. L. M.]

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine on high for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the Summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or smile in rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we think that they are "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn in heaven immortal bowers.

336 *The Perpetual Miracle.*

J. F. CLARKE.

[Naomi, p. 38. C. M.]

DEAR friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once at Cana's wedding feast
Turn water into wine,—

Come visit us, and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls and make us see
Life's waters glow as wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes shall glow divine,
When Jesus visits us, to turn
Life's water into wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Shall glow with angels' visits when
The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,
Which knows not mine and thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water changed to wine.

337 *Our Friends Live Again.*

MONTGOMERY.

[Beza, p. 84. H. M.]

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
No union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There is a blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections but a fire
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,—
Eternities of love
And blessedness alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus, star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning brighter shines
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light!

338 *The Society of Heaven.*

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

[Auld Lang Syne, p. 62. C. M.]

JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace and thee?
There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you!

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see!

339 *Aspiring Toward Jesus.*

[Heber, p. 40. C. M.]

JESUS, the very thought of thee,
With sweetness fills my breast,
But sweeter far thy face to see
And in thy presence rest!

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can praise,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Savior of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? ah this
Nor tongue nor pen can show,
The love of Jesus, what it is,—
Only the loving know!

340 *Seeking a True Life.*

ANNA L. WARING.

[Battle Street, p. 64. C. M. 6 L.]

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out to me;
The changes that must surely come,
I do not fear to see;
I ask thee for the present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where to go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I would have fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate;
A work of holy love to do,
For him on whom I wait.

341 *The Lord's Prayer.*

MRS. HALE.

[Portuguese Hymn, p. 126. 11's M.]

OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy name;
May thy kingdom holy on earth be the same;
O give to us daily our portion of bread;
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
That humble compassion which pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation, from evil and sin,
And thine be the glory, forever! Amen!

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